

THE LIVING AGE



CONTENTS

for April 1, 1930

Articles

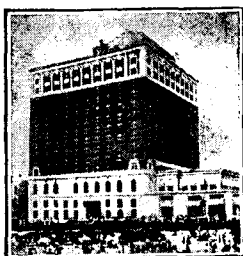
ENGLAND'S REAL PROSPERITY.....	<i>C. E. R. Sherrington</i>	136
BRITAIN'S TRAGIC HOUR.....	<i>Jules Sauerwein</i>	145
MASARYK AT EIGHTY	<i>Wickham Steed</i>	148
SNOWDEN CONVERTED.....	<i>Jacques Bardoux</i>	153
MEN OR MACHINES?	<i>Gabriel Reuillard</i>	161
THE SOUL OF CHINA.....	<i>Pearl S. Buck</i>	168
FROM A SPANISH DIARY.....	<i>Ernst Lothar</i>	177
OPENING UP THE ORIENT.....	<i>Joseph Friedfeld</i>	184
CINEMA ENGLISH	<i>E. V. Knox</i>	187

Departments

THE WORLD OVER	129
LETTERS AND THE ARTS.....	157
AS OTHERS SEE US.....	190
CALENDAR OF EVENTS	192
THE GUIDE POST.....	<i>Front Advertiser</i>

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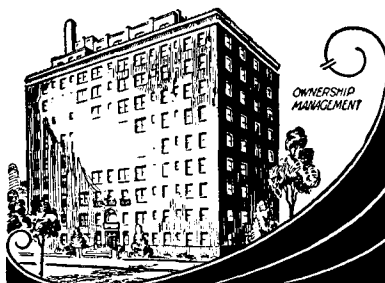
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Published semi-monthly at Concord, New Hampshire, for April 1, 1930.
State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George B. Chandless, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the LIVING AGE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 4111, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, A. R. Watson, 253 Broadway, New York City; Editor, Quincy Howe, 253 Broadway, New York; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, George B. Chandless, 253 Broadway, New York City.

2. That the owners are: The Living Age Company, 253 Broadway, New York City; A. R. Watson, 253 Broadway, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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GEORGE B. CHANDLESS, *Business Manager*.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of March, 1930.

[SEAL.]

MALVINA ENGEL, *Notary Public*.
(My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

THE GUIDE POST

THE OLD-STYLE COVER that adorns this issue is an outward and visible sign of our complete reversion to former policies. The content of the magazine—not only the nature of the articles but the type in which they are set—remains exactly what it has been since last September, when this reversion began; at the present time we are merely deferring to what we believe to be the desire of most of our subscribers and are adopting a traditional instead of a modern appearance. But just as our modern cover did not mean that we had sacrificed any of our older standards, so our present cover does not mean that our editorial policy will be anything but up to date. One touch of modernity we have permitted ourselves—the titles of the articles, although set in the time-honored Caslon type, are handled in the manner of the present day. We can only hope that the material in the magazine and the style of its presentation will be found to harmonize agreeably.

MR. SHERRINGTON'S analysis of British prosperity, taken from the *Realist*, illustrates the aims of that admirable monthly review, which is now entering its second year of life. Lord Melchett, its most prominent backer, has been active in promoting understanding and coöperation between labor and capital and he shares with many other intelligent Englishmen the conviction that modern methods can revive that nation's morale. One of his activities therefore takes the form of helping to support a magazine that interprets the age we live in with scientific accuracy.

Although *Le Matin* bears a superficial resemblance to some of Mr. Hearst's journalistic enterprises, its foreign editor, Jules Sauerwein, commands respect throughout Europe. He is an intimate friend of Aristide Briand and knows other countries almost as well as he knows his own. His announcement that England has failed at the Naval Conference to realize her true destiny should be taken with a large grain of salt, but it represents the view of the French Foreign Office and, as such, deserves attention.

Wickham Steed, former editor of the *London Times* and now editor of the *Review of Reviews*, has had first-hand experience in Central Europe. His high estimate of President Masaryk is not only based on personal knowledge but is a view shared by nearly every enlightened observer of European politics.

SCARCELY two months ago we printed a very different estimate of Mr. Snowden by the same M. Bardoux who now has nothing but praise for the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is clear that Anglo-French relations took a turn for the better at the Second Hague Conference, and M. Bardoux's treatment of that event, written around the personality of Mr. Snowden, may be considered strictly official as it appeared in *Le Temps*.

Samuel Butler's prediction that man would become the slave of the machine is being fulfilled in Europe as well as in the United States. Although Gabriel Reuillard is writing for the radical *Progrès Civique*, which might be expected to regard labor-saving machinery with a friendly eye, he is too good a Frenchman not to be impressed by the destruction of human values in modern industry.

PEARL S. BUCK was born in China and has spent years making a special research into the origins of Chinese fiction and folk language. She knows both the written and the spoken languages and her first novel of Chinese life, *East Wind West Wind*, is being published this spring by John Day and Company of New York. *Pacific Affairs*, the magazine in which this article first appeared, is the official monthly organ, issued in Honolulu, of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

We have already printed an earlier installment of Ernst Lothar's Spanish travel diary under the title, 'Snapshots of Spain.' He is a frequent contributor to the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, by all odds the leading German-language newspaper outside of Berlin.

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844



April 1, 1930

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The World Over

THE CURRENT MORALE of the English nation is unmistakably displayed in the vicissitudes of the United Empire Party, launched by Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere to promote free trade within the Empire and to erect an insurmountable tariff wall against the outer world. Enlightened circles greeted this project with almost universal derision, yet it aroused so much interest among the rank and file that Stanley Baldwin had to meet the movement halfway in order to preserve the unity of the Conservative Party. On Beaverbrook's pet issue of Protection the Tories now stand committed to a popular referendum, but Rothermere, who put more emphasis on straight imperialism, they left in the lurch. Yet both issues—tariff and imperialism—have called forth extraordinary enthusiasm. The former seems to offer an easy and comprehensive solution to the unemployment problem; the latter provides a sorely needed emotional outlet. And in choosing to espouse the more practical of the two causes, the Conservatives were again governed by the same considerations of cautious materialism that have been turning more and more British voters to support Labor because its leaders possess an enthusiasm that no other group except the Die-Hards exhibits.

The comments in the weekly press on the prospects of Empire Free Trade did not discount the sentimental attractions of the movement. 'The whole plan,' asserts the radical *New Statesman*, 'seems to be nonsense. But it is dangerous nonsense because most people do want to

develop our trade with the Empire and do recognize that Empire countries are, for Great Britain, potentially better markets than the rest of the world.' The Conservative *Saturday Review*, whose subsequent declaration in favor of the United Empire Party caused its entire editorial staff to resign, dwelt on the political difficulties involved and warned its readers that a successful fourth party would succeed only in giving Labor complete control of Parliament. The Liberal *Nation and Athenæum* gloated over the distress of the Conservatives and the moderate *Spectator* pointed out that the Dominions, whose coöperation is essential, have declared against the scheme in the most categorical fashion. Certainly Britain's tariff policies are going to be discussed actively, especially after Mr. Snowden has announced his budget, and it is not unlikely that the Die-Hard point of view will emerge stronger than ever from the temporary eclipse into which Mr. MacDonald has cast it.

THE COMMENTS OF THE London press on the proposed European tariff truce reveal a similar trend. A correspondent of the *Spectator* inquires, 'What benefit is it to anyone to get a Solingen penknife for three shillings and sixpence for which he would have to pay eight shillings and sixpence in Sheffield, if he has to pay the other five shillings for a dole that keeps a British workman idle?' The London *Times* closes a leading editorial entitled 'Entanglements in Europe' with the following passage about the tariff truce and the activities of Mr. William Graham of the Board of Trade in its behalf:—

The intention, it seems, was that during the truce the countries which were parties to it should not only not increase their tariffs but should spare no effort to reduce them. As to that, it can only be said that it is refreshing to see so optimistic a view of the tariff intentions of protectionist countries survive even a short term of office at the Board of Trade. It would be still more refreshing to see some evidence of justification for it, but of that there is so far not the slightest trace. Nor is there likely to be so long as the great British market remains open to the surplus production of the rest of the world—to act as a safety valve relieving, for everybody except ourselves, the intolerable strain of tariff restrictions and providing for all foreign producers another market in addition to their own in which they can freely sell their wares.

As things are, the protectionist countries do not seem to be taking the truce negotiations very seriously. Out of thirty countries represented only eight have given their delegations powers to negotiate and sign a convention; the remaining twenty-two are only authorized to take part in the discussions. That does not look as if much were coming of Mr. Graham's well-meant activities. And it is just as well. If they were to succeed up to the very limit of his expectations, the result would be to commit this country to a fiscal entanglement with an economic alliance in Europe, an alliance that owes its origin to the common European fear of the economic power of the United States, and to the desire for an agreement which would act as some sort of balance to the great internal market of America. With such an alliance this country has no desire to be

entangled. Her economic future is bound up far more intimately with that of the world-wide system of which she is the centre than it is with the continent of Europe; and she is not disposed to enter into any fiscal commitments with European countries which might hamper her in her task of developing the trade and the economic resources of the British Empire.

BRITISH SHIPPING, the keystone in the arch of Empire trade prosperity, has experienced a sudden slump for which two factors are responsible. For one thing, more than half the ships built during 1929 were made in Great Britain and Ireland, and many of these vessels went to swell a merchant marine that was already oversized. For during recent months the British shipping industry—a separate thing, of course, from the shipbuilding companies—has been forced by the diminished importation of grain, due to the wheat-price struggle between the producers in Europe and the New World, to lower freight rates on imports and to raise them on exports. The present rates are estimated as being 50 per cent below the economic level, but great as the losses to the owners of the vessels are, the results on British foreign trade as a whole are more serious still. Goods exported from England are now handicapped by having to pay higher freights than ever before, the rate to the Rio Plate having risen two shillings and threepence a ton during the month of January, while the return^{fr} rate fell six shillings during the same period.

THE ATTITUDE OF FRANCE at the Naval Conference and the effects produced by that attitude on the Anglo-Saxon press show that in the realm of international affairs it is sometimes better to be tactful than to be right. For what, essentially, is the basis of this havoc-raising French point of view? It rests on two foundations: that the size of a nation's navy is determined, firstly, by the amount of money that nation can afford to spend and, secondly, by its need for maritime protection. Great Britain, whose naval needs are greatest, finds her building programme strictly limited by an overburdened budget. The United States, with less extensive though perhaps richer territories to defend, can afford a larger naval outlay, but has agreed on parity with England. France, with more oversea possessions than America and easier money conditions than England, will keep her proportion of capital ships down to the modest level agreed upon at Washington, but asserts that she needs, figuratively speaking, as many cruisers, destroyers, and submarines as the next man and that she can afford to pay for them. Logically, then, her position would seem to be sound enough; it is her intransigent attitude that made a bad first impression. Here, for instance, is a typical passage from the semi-official columns of *Le Temps*:—

If it becomes impossible for the London Naval Conference to reach an agreement based on the absolute needs of everybody, it may perhaps be necessary to seek a formula that will enable us to stabilize armaments for a determined period. But the reception that the English and the Americans accord to such suggestions is not very encouraging. Both blithely affirm that the existing pacts provide enough assurance for the maintenance of peace to allow us all to disarm without exposing ourselves to any risks, but when they are asked to enter into precise engagements that will definitely protect from all ill chance this peace which they already believe to be consolidated, they sneak away, unwilling to contract obligations that might some day engage them in a conflict where their direct interests are not involved.

Such a positive attitude naturally arouses suspicions on the other side of the Channel and leads the *Manchester Guardian* to entertain such dark ideas as these:—

However one may explain the figures, France proposes to increase her effective naval strength by nearly a third during the next five years. And this at a disarmament conference! Of her total forces a large proportion would be in submarines. She even professes herself compelled (by the building of the German 'pocket' battleship) to return to battleship building, though she has constructed none since the War. And she proposes to have ten 10,000-ton cruisers against the British fifteen. There is hardly a category of vessel which she does not propose to build in numbers which would entirely upset such approaches to agreement as had been made along the lines of the Anglo-American conversations and the broadly accepted notions of relative fighting strength.

It may be doubted if she would ever build these ships, and it is necessary to consider whether the purpose of the French memorandum is really to establish a new rank for the French Navy or indirectly to further certain other projects which are much closer to the heart of French policy. It is not in naval but in military strength that France really puts her trust; it is not in unenforceable agreements like the Kellogg Pact or a disarmament treaty that she really believes, but in binding pledges of military support such as she has secured from her own Continental allies and would like to introduce into the Covenant of the League of Nations. If she can further her aims in either of these directions by putting forward impossible naval demands her attitude at the Conference at once becomes intelligible.

THE ATMOSPHERE THAT PERVADED the visit of Chancellor Schober to Berlin clearly indicates that there is no longer any immediate prospect of a German-Austrian *Anschluss*. In spite of the fact that public sentiment in both countries favors such a merger, considerations of *Realpolitik* have convinced Vienna that a policy of trade agreements with neighboring states is the only course to pursue at the moment. In Rome Schober agreed not to interfere with Mussolini's plans for Italianizing the German-speaking population of the Upper Adige valley in return for receiving better business treatment. But in Berlin he met with less success, as Germany is constrained by the Versailles Treaty to grant most-favored-nation treatment to the former Allied

Powers only. Under these circumstances, the German politicians and newspapermen who commented on Schober's mission emphasized the sentimental ties that bind the two sister republics, and Auguste Gauvain, writing in the chauvinistic *Journal des Débats* of Paris, went so far as to warn the Austrian Chancellor against the dangers of a union with Germany even in the distant future:—

Herr Schober desires to conclude a commercial treaty with Germany in order to eliminate the handicaps from which Austrian industry is suffering as a result of the invasion of German merchandise. If, in the present state of affairs, Austrian industry cannot stand German competition, it would be all the more condemned to disappear in the event of the *Anschluss*. It would be absorbed, and Austrian labor conditions would be regulated by Germany. Yet there is already in the Reich considerable unemployment, more, in fact, proportionally, than in Austria. The influx of German labor into the latter country would therefore throw the working population of Austria into an even worse condition. If Herr Schober takes the trouble to examine the question from every side, he will have to recognize that the maintenance of her present independence is Austria's best solution. Let him occupy himself with concluding commercial treaties not only with the Reich but with the nations of Central Europe, and the affairs of the new republic will go better.

THE BALKANS CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times* has summed up a number of the chief factors that still make his chosen territory the most distressful district in Europe. Like America, the Balkans have gone in for an ambitious educational programme which has brought far too many semi-cultivated people to the cities and has drained the countryside of its best blood. Unable to secure congenial work, needy intellectuals are turning to political agitation or, failing that, they take some ill-paid government job, but depend on bribes for the bulk of their income. Here is the way the *Times* correspondent describes the present state of affairs:—

Most of the governments are suffering from this problem, which is summed up in the French epigram: *trop d'intelligence à la ville, pas assez au village*. The dictatorship in Yugoslavia has courageously suppressed a number of secondary schools, to the great dissatisfaction of the districts affected. The Bulgarian Government is making efforts to develop secondary education on practical rather than academic lines. But in Rumania the educational machine is still busily flooding the market for intellectual labor. The University of Bucharest alone has 25,000 students, and there are three other universities in the country—and this in a country where agriculture is the principal occupation. The explanation here is no doubt that in Rumania, particularly in the new provinces, the middle class is still largely foreign in character, consisting of Germans, Hungarians, Jews, and Russians, and that the Rumanian Government is anxious to educate a larger native professional and commercial class.

Greece is the one Balkan country that does not suffer from the affliction of overeducation. As a result of the War, many Greeks who

had emigrated to the United States have come back to their native land, having heard that the peasants are at last masters in their own homes. Some of these returned prodigals have been disappointed, of course, but many have prospered and they are forming the backbone of a substantial middle class of property-holding farmers and petty shopkeepers.

PROSPECTS OF AN ALLIANCE between Poland and the Baltic states grew a little brighter as a result of the pilgrimage to Warsaw of Prime Minister Strandmann of Esthonia. Up to the present time the Vilna dispute between Poland and Lithuania has been the chief stumbling block in the way of such an alliance, but Esthonia, alarmed by the proximity of Soviet Russia, has cultivated close relations not only with Poland but with Rumania as well. The *Journal de Genève* remarks:—

The visit of Strandmann was the logical result of his Government's recent policy, which consists of maintaining the best possible relations with all states bordering the Soviet Union, and especially with Poland and Rumania. It goes without saying that none of these states would so much as think of offending Russia in any way, but we are all too familiar with the 'pacific' ideas of the Moscow government. Few indeed are those European statesmen who actually believe the Soviet Union is taking seriously the pacts and conventions she ratifies. And the maintenance of friendly relations between the states bordering on Russia constitutes a much better guarantee of peace in Eastern Europe than a blind confidence in the pacific sentiments of the Bolsheviks.

The same paper asserts that Latvia, where the idea of a Baltic Union fortified by Poland originated, has been coming back to such a notion in spite of the difficulties occasioned by certain Polish landowners with extensive Latvian estates.

UNEMPLOYMENT, THE BUGBEAR of every great industrial country, has begun to threaten Japan as a result of the Government's economy programme and the completion of the post-earthquake reconstruction work. Premier Hamaguchi, having succeeded in six months in reducing the adverse trade balance, raising the gold embargo, cutting down the budget, and winning a general election, now finds himself faced with new difficulties. He must reckon, for one thing, on a difficult state of mind among the workers, who are sufficiently imbued with Western ideas to be glad to change jobs whenever they can get better ones, but who still cling to the old feudal notion that an employer should look out for his employees in hard times as well as in prosperous periods. Then, too, most Japanese industrial workers used to be able to migrate to their country homes when they were out of work and go in for agriculture until the depression had ended, but now they have no such homes to retire to. If the present Government, flushed with its

success at the polls, pushes its retrenchment and economy plans too far it may find itself losing, as our own Republican Party has lost, the assured control of the country.

ONLY FRANCE, JAPAN, and the United States have refrained from signing an agreement with the Nanking Government which provides for the reorganization of the Shanghai Provisional Court. Although this new measure lodges considerably more power in the hands of the native officials, it has a few strings attached to it that ought to allay some of the fears expressed by the local die-hards. The Chinese judges still remain subject to foreign observation through the Shanghai Municipal Council, and the foreign head of the judicial police will be nominated by that same body. The fact remains, however, that the former Mixed Provisional Court now becomes a Chinese District Court administered by native authorities.

A Shanghai correspondent of the London *Times* surveys the future with misgivings:—

No one denies that there are earnest, sincere men in the Nationalist councils. But always there seems to be some malignant power in the background to stultify every effort. No single constructive act of any importance stands to Nanking's credit during the past year, nothing but war, the outcome of her unwise efforts to force upon the country a system of government which is alien to all its practice and instincts, and to impose a rigidly centralized bureaucracy upon a people who for thousands of years have practised the most liberal local autonomy. The worst form of Kuomintang tyranny is the party's local district councils, or Tang Pu.

China is now in the 'period of political tutelage' provided for by Dr. Sun Yat-sen's will, during which the Chinese people is gradually to be indoctrinated in democratic practices up to the point of being able to exercise them for itself. During this period the Kuomintang is the source of all wisdom and authority; its relationship to the people is that of guardian to minor, with this difference, however—that the law protects the minor against his guardian but most emphatically does not protect the Chinese against the Kuomintang.

An editorial in the same paper comments fearfully on the prospects of the new court, pointing to some of the unjust verdicts it gave before its recent extension of power was granted. The suggestion is finally made that the British and other powers prepare an alternative plan in case the present one breaks down before its three-year term of life has ended.

Just as America's prosperity does not extend to every class and locality, so the much-touted distress of England is not universal. Mr. Sherrington points out some of the brighter sides of Britain's economic life and gives us sound reasons for believing that her sun has not yet gone down.

ENGLAND'S Real Prosperity

By C. E. R. SHERRINGTON

From the *Realist*
London Scientific and Literary Monthly

THAT THE WAR PERIOD, 1914 to 1918, changed fundamentally the social organization in Great Britain is hardly open to dispute. It is doubtful if the more subtle and less obvious changes which have occurred since the short-lived post-War boom of 1920 have been any less revolutionary in their effect upon our social life.

Viewed by transatlantic eyes we are labeled as being in the doldrums of trade depression; the published figures of a million odd unemployed from week to week, month to month, and year to year appear to many foreign observers as a portent of Britain's industrial decline after a century of predominance in international trade. It is, perhaps, remarkable that so few social and economic surveys have been made on any really wide basis, aimed at determining whether the present situation is merely a temporary phase, or whether our international, and consequently political, rôle is essentially changed for the future. If the latter be the case, then our national policies must also be shaped to accord with the new orientation of affairs. It may, however, be that our position is like that of a climber at the moment on a slippery slope, clutching what available piece of rock can prevent his sliding farther back. In short, is this country nearly across a trough of trade

depression, or is our more permanent condition to be in the slough for many coming decades?

From time to time the public is regaled with the Reports of Royal Commissions on the coal or some other industry, yet the needful survey of social prosperity, or of its reverse, on a national scale remains notably absent. That something such is required cannot be doubted. Data are being compiled steadily by such research organizations as the London and Cambridge Economic Service, the research bureaus of the various industries, and the social-science departments of the universities. The field of exploration is widened steadily, but the results, a vast array of facts, do not get ready access to the general public. It is the general public which should know and profit by that knowledge. The bridge between the public and statistics is too difficult for many to approach. An airy suspension bridge can be indistinct in form through the mass of its supporting wires and cables. Yet, whoever treads the swinging and spidery structure will gain from the light allowed, revealing the seeming contrasts of our economic life to-day.

Our industrial progress has been very checkered during the last eight years, and the crisis of 1926 was calculated to check the upward trend witnessed in many productive industries earlier in that year. If the general strike and the long stoppage in the coal fields may be regarded legitimately as the culminating point of a period during which the relations of labor and management were becoming more and more strained, then it is equally clear that the urge to coöperation and a better feeling has been the outstanding characteristic of productive enterprises during the succeeding three years. While a period of normality can hardly be said to have existed in this country between 1920 and 1927, would it be equally true to say that 1928 and 1929 have still to be regarded as abnormal? Leaving aside for the moment any reference to the few years immediately prior to 1927, one may stress quite briefly the strong contrasts of light and shade as they existed in our social and economic organization during 1928 and 1929.

TAKING first the viewpoint of the pessimist, let us examine the assumptions that he makes, the figures upon which he bases his gloomy predictions, and the tables of statistics from which he stealthily draws his ammunition, so calculated to decrease our self-respect, to increase our despondency, and to confound the optimist, whose counter opinions will be discussed later. Firstly, the pessimist will quote the unemployment figures, he will point out that they have been at about the million mark for many years, that if corrected for seasonal fluctuation they show remarkably little progress toward reduction. Analyzing this round million, the black spots are primarily coal, cotton, and the heavy

industries, in fact just those basic trades upon which the commercial greatness of this country depended, and without which imports cannot be financed by exports and reëxports. Continuous conferences concerning the future organization of the coal-mining industry will serve amply to bear out the predictions of the pessimist—the national fund for alleviating distress in the coal fields needs but to be referred to for the serious situation to be realized. In shipbuilding one is told that the country possesses too many shipyards, that the need of the day is for rationalization and the closing of the most inefficient, so that contracts both from home and abroad may be obtained at remunerative prices. It is stated that, because the percentage of motor vessels to that of steamers building in this country is lower than that abroad, therefore British shipbuilding is no longer in the van. Closely connected with shipbuilding is the position of the iron and steel trade. Foreign imports of those commodities dumped at absurdly low prices are said to be impossible to combat with British wage rates and taxation as high as they undoubtedly are.

IN 1913 the United Kingdom was producing pig iron at the rate of over 2,500,000 tons per quarter, but in only two quarters since 1922 has it even touched the 2,000,000 mark. Glance for a moment at the figures for Continental countries during the same period. In 1913 the monthly average output by Germany of iron was just over 900,000 tons, but in spite of the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, her average monthly output since 1917 has been well over 1,000,000 tons. Similarly, German steel shows an even greater increase, from 980,000 tons to an average of 1,300,000 tons since the beginning of 1927. France, likewise, shows great progress; her pig-iron production per month has grown from over 500,000 tons to over 850,000 during recent years, and steel production has increased even more rapidly, from about 370,000 tons per month to over 800,000 tons. Coal-production figures for Great Britain are so familiar that they need not be quoted, except that it is rare in recent years for a steady output of over 5,000,000 tons per week to be produced, whereas in 1913, admittedly a good year in the coal trade, this country produced 287,421,000 tons. In Germany, in spite of territorial losses of a valuable coal-mining area to Poland and the separation of the Saar coal field, output has averaged about 13,000,000 tons per month, as against over 14,500,000 in 1913, but France has nearly made good this deficiency, since she produces an average of well over 4,000,000 tons, in place of less than 3,500,000 per month in 1913. In addition, coal production in Holland has increased by 300 per cent, and Belgian coal production is not less than before the War.

Leaving aside the measurement of trade by values, which offers

little guide to fluctuations, in that even wider fluctuations have occurred in purchasing power during the last decade, it will be seen that the trade of Hamburg has increased, as has also that of the French ports, in greater proportion than that of British ports. In 1924, a year of acknowledged depression in trade, tonnage of ships entering and leaving British ports averaged just over 10,000,000 tons per month, and by 1929 this had improved to about 11,000,000 in good months, but Hamburg alone has risen from a tonnage of 2,300,000 tons in pre-War months to over 2,800,000 in January, 1925, and nearly 3,300,000 in January, 1929. For French ports the figures for tonnage entered and cleared per month have risen steadily from under 4,000,000 tons in pre-War months to 5,250,000 in the first months of 1924 and to over 7,500,000 in January, 1929.

CLOSELY linked with the fortunes of British trade, the railways are known to have been grievously hit by trade depression; in 1913, exclusive of the London Tubes and the Metropolitan District Railway, they carried rather over 1,000,000,000 passengers, whereas in 1927 they carried only about 905,000,000, although admittedly the figures are not statistically comparable, in view of the reorganization and grouping of the lines into four main systems. Tons of freight carried by the railways also dropped nearly 40,000,000, when comparing 1927 with the pre-War year of 1913, and the final figures for 1929 are not likely to show increases on the 1927 figures, though they will probably bear witness to a considerable improvement over 1928. But it should be remembered that, even if fewer passengers are carried by the railways, or if there is a smaller freight movement, the financial results may not be proportionately lower. In practice, the average rate of interest on the railways' issued capital has been lower since 1925 than it was in 1913; the figures for 1913 and 1927 being 4.28 per cent and 4.07 per cent respectively. Although the issued capital of the railways increased from £1,073,000,000 in 1913 to £1,138,000,000 in 1927, the amount available for appropriation varied only by £72,000 in the two years, out of a total figure of nearly £50,000,000. One may well ask who bears the incidence of this financial loss, not only the lowered dividends from railways, but from the other great industries reviewed in brief above, whose misfortunes cast heavy shadows over the social progress of the country. With reduced interest rates on invested capital, coupled with increased taxation on the expenditure side, where has spending power, in practice, been curtailed?

But dark shadows stand contrasted against high lights. The optimist reads differently what the pessimist spells out as a tale of unrelieved gloom. If losses have been suffered by certain strata of society, he may

argue that the total sum of society's satisfaction may yet be greater. Even if coal output be lower than in pre-War days, it may well be that the standard of health of the miner and his family is much better. Doubtless the optimist will point to the vital statistics to bear out his contention, for in spite of unemployment, and with it the spectre of destitution and poverty, the death rate has fallen from over 14.8 per thousand of population for the United Kingdom before the War to 11.7 in 1928; though, admittedly, the birth rate has also fallen from 24.4 per thousand to 16.7 in 1928, though the latter may be regarded by the confirmed optimist as additional evidence that the standard of living has risen.

TO THOSE who assert that the importation of foreign iron and steel is strangling the heavy industries it may be pointed out that the percentage of imports to production was less during the first quarter of 1929 than it was during the average quarter of 1913. In the same sphere, production of crude steel has risen from a quarterly rate of under 2,000,000 tons in 1913 to almost 2,500,000 tons in the second quarter of 1929, while the home consumption of steel has grown even more rapidly and at a much higher rate than the increase of population of the British Isles. It is difficult indeed to correlate this situation with the depression which is known to exist in the heavy iron and steel industry, and for which the oft-proposed remedy is rationalization, an indefinite and wholly unsatisfactory term.

Even where rationalization, if it be taken to mean amalgamation, has been rampant, one can find few signs that this magic key has brought plenty where before there was want. No country has embraced the policy of rationalization with such thoroughness as has Germany, herself responsible for the coining of the term, and in no industry has the policy of rationalization been adopted with such ruthlessness as in shipbuilding; but in the figures for the quarter ending September 30th, 1929, covering shipping tonnage launched and tonnage commenced, one finds that Germany shows a lower figure for tonnage commenced than Holland, Sweden, Denmark, or the United States. Rationalization has meant the closing of the huge Stettin Vulkan Yard, and is likely to see shortly the closing of the new Hamburg Vulkan Yard, while the great independent firm of Blohm and Voss can be regarded as the most successful shipbuilding firm in Germany—in fact, it has succeeded in obtaining more contracts than any other concern inside or outside the combine.

If lessened railway traffic be regarded as a signpost of trade depression and national decline, one must at least admit, in these days of transport coördination, that road and air services should be considered

as well when comparisons are made between present and pre-War volume of movement. The number of journeys per head of London's population is continually rising, and more than keeping pace with foreign capitals, such as Paris and New York, though admittedly London's progress does not necessarily reflect the position of the country as a whole. With over 2,000,000 motor vehicles in use it is clear that the volume of traffic by road is a very important feature of the country's trade, opening out whole areas bereft of transport facilities hitherto. Even trade depression may possibly in the long run bring some advantages in its train, and the vitality of railway management in reducing costs of working in the face of decreasing gross revenue augurs well for the future if maximum advantage is to be taken in any upward trend of better trade. Steady reductions in the ratio of operating expenses to revenue are the most important features in the railway reports of the last two years.

Few will dispute the long-drawn-out depression in the cotton trade, but to offset it there has arisen the production of artificial silk, on a scale undreamed of a few years ago, the production of which during 1928 was over 40 per cent greater than in 1924.

Cotton itself showed some improvement during the same period. There may be many who regret any alteration in the claims to relative importance of the country's most famous industries; but it is unreasonable to expect, and would be even more unfortunate to find, such a state of stability in a country's industries over a period of fifteen years as would retain the various producers in the same relative order of importance over that period.

THE coming of electric power and the internal combustion engine has affected materially, not only the scale of industry, but also its diffusion, with the closely interrelated question of skill of the worker. Scientific research, coupled with the rise in the level of wage rates, has enforced a policy of labor-saving devices upon the employer, though the ratio of interest rates to wage rates is never a stable relationship, and is liable to change its balance of power over very short periods. If labor-saving devices can produce equally efficient finished commodities, with a smaller output of work, it may conceivably be desirable to pension off the most inefficient workers, either by means of unemployment insurance, or through old age pension schemes. In many cases those who qualify for the latter must necessarily be those with the greatest practical experience.

Granted that the national wealth per head of population is less than formerly, it is reasonable to ask in what directions expenditure has been curtailed, and if such curtailment has adversely affected social

welfare. Outwardly, cursory inspection of many avenues of expenditure shows apparently little diminution, even in the case of luxuries, which, theoretically, should show most vividly the reflection of reduced spending power. In fact, any researches along this avenue of study tend to operate rather upon the optimistic than upon the pessimistic side. There is little sign of limited spending power to be found in the fact that the average traffic of private cars passing the Automobile Association's census points in 1929, as compared with 1923, has increased fivefold in six years. It has recently been estimated that the saturation point for the privately owned automobile demand will not be reached until a figure of 1,200,000 has been attained; and this is reckoned on the basis of the number of families with incomes of not less than £400 a year. It may be that the spending power has been diverted from other commodities, and it is indeed a commentary upon the present view that a family with an income of £400 per annum can afford to divert the same share of annual expense toward running a car as is allotted to the rent of a house.

HEALTH and vital statistics would not appear to bear out any suggestion that expenditure upon food has been so decreased as to endanger health or shorten life, though it may be that the long-run tendency will show a trend contrary to the short-period figures from which alone one can at present draw deductions. If private cars can be regarded as luxury expenditure, entertainment has even more right to be so classified. Certainly the rapid rise of picture palaces has more than offset the decline of the music hall and the theatre. Holiday resorts do not seem to have suffered visibly from the depression in trade if taken as a whole, and the volume of motor-coach services increases year by year, bringing in its train the problem of seaside traffic regulation. Holiday hotels, while complaining of the peregrinatory nature of their customers, still find no difficulty in filling their available accommodation; indeed evidence seems to point to the fact that seasons are longer than they used to be. Even those members of society who are supposed to have suffered most grievously from the redistribution of wealth still find the means to travel abroad in increasing numbers, to regard attendance at the Swiss winter resorts as their normal routine, and to patronize holiday cruises to Spitsbergen or the Isles of the Blest. Entrances to the famous public schools and the universities are embarrassing the responsible authorities by their number, while the demand for golf clubs more than outbalances the supply, if judged by the entrance charges and annual subscriptions.

Every outward sign, as viewed by the foreigner who lands in England, labels us as a country of great wealth, with the possible excep-

tion of street lighting, which is, however, more than made up for by the excellent surface of our roads. New buildings in London give the capital an air of never-finished reconstruction—even Forty-Second Street, New York, can show no area so completely new as Regent Street. Chicago itself would find it difficult to rival such a rapid transformation. The industrial scene in Great Britain to-day, although possessing many black spots, is not materially worse, taken as a whole, than that in other countries reputed to be in much happier positions.

THE glamour of American prosperity is apt to have glossed over the fact that the United States has had many equally black spots of industrial depression, even during the last few years, when the eyes of the world have been glued enviously upon its material progress as measured by budget surpluses, motor-car production, increased volume of trade, and a steady growth in savings. Nevertheless, American savings actually decreased in 1929 for the first time for twenty years, according to figures made public by the American Bankers' Association, and savings depositors were less by over half a million. The New England cotton towns, the farming population in the Middle West, and large areas in the bituminous coal-mining territories have witnessed trade depression in a form at least as serious as our own, since the bubble of post-War production broke in 1920. Isador Lubin, of the Institute of Economics at Washington, in his testimony before a Senate committee, reminded his hearers that the Russell Sage Foundation in 1924 estimated that unemployment in the United States in any one year varied from one to six million persons.

The United States is a comparatively new country; at the close of the War its natural resources had scarcely been scratched, and the extent of its productive capacity never put to the test. It can provide, by good organization, work of a productive nature for all of its citizens who desire to work. It has, however, little control over climatic forces, and their cost is a very heavy depreciation bill each year. The replacement of timber structures, surfacing of roads, extension of drainage systems, and elimination of railway level crossings are forms of capital expenditure which will require all the savings of the nation for years to come, and their costs increase as wage rates rise and the prices of timber and other natural products increase. Stability of employment is more difficult to organize through the variations of climate, which, in themselves, create a turnover of labor, an economic problem for which solutions are only now being obtained. Great Britain has passed long ago, for good or evil, through this development; greater inability to provide productive work is balanced by the lessened need for depreciation of fixed structures.

Unemployment figures for Germany show that she, too, is far from having as yet solved the problems of post-War reconstruction, for in March, 1929, 22.3 per cent of her trade-union members were unemployed, though a more normal figure would be 729,000 for unemployed in May, 1928. While her figures fluctuate more than those of Great Britain, the larger proportion of her population engaged in agricultural or kindred pursuits might be expected to better her situation as compared with our own position.

THAT Britain's share of the world's iron and steel production has fallen is abundantly clear from figures recently published, our output of the former not having increased since 1880, while world production has grown eightfold, and our percentage of steel production having fallen from about 30 per cent to less than 8 per cent; but the trend is gradual and was bound to occur as the advantages of the British leadership in the Industrial Revolution slipped away with the passage of time.

Many economists believe that installment buying assisted America to finance future production, which is all advantageous if that production applies to commodities themselves productive. Similarly, it is possible that a higher standard of education has permitted the British citizen to allot his expenditure more wisely, so that he may obtain the maximum advantage from his limited spending power. Revolutions in domestic economy through the application of labor-saving devices, such as gas firing and cooking or electric light, may prove the key to obtaining a higher standard of living with a lowered income. It is too often forgotten that, whereas unemployment in total has not materially decreased in the last five years, many, through taxation, are now compelled to undertake productive work who, previously, did not do so; their replacement of the less efficient must be adjudged an economic gain, the measurement of which awaits the researches of our students of social organization.

‘Is England done?’—a momentous question, this, and one that disturbs foreigners and Britishers alike. As if in answer to Mr. Sherrington’s assertions, Jules Sauerwein, an acknowledged mouthpiece of M. Briand, prophesies that future ages will date England’s decline as beginning with the Naval Conference of 1930.

BRITAIN’S *Tragic Hour*

By JULES SAUERWEIN

Translated from *Le Matin*
Paris Independent Daily

‘MAKE no mistake about it,’ one of the most important delegates at the Naval Conference assured me, ‘if the Chancellor of the Exchequer had plenty of pounds sterling at his disposal we should not be in London.’

Britain’s state of financial anxiety must be serious indeed if she can contemplate scrapping four cruisers and cutting down her building programme when her fleet has already been reduced to half of what it was before the War. Not long ago, this fleet maintained what it called the two-power standard, not only in relation to Europe but in relation to the whole world. At the present moment, however, when the bonds between England and certain dominions are approaching the vanishing point and when the Empire sees itself faced with the loss of immense territories in all parts of the world, London is about to renounce its powerful and magnificent fleet, the keystone of its universal prestige.

Yet in spite of the fact that England is forced to economize drastically, she wishes to lose as little of her security and moral credit as possible and she has therefore been making a supreme effort in the past

weeks to force the nations of Europe to cut down their navies, too. The only one of these European nations that really matters is France, for England has already accepted the inevitable and has recognized that the United States has the right to naval parity, which means that one day she will recognize that the United States has the right to outdistance her. But what she does not want is to have any two European fleets superior to hers. That is the essence of the struggle and that is why it has been so hot. It is, however, the part of wisdom to take this breathing space to reconsider and define what measures Great Britain is taking to maintain the immense empire she has created.

The country is undergoing a serious crisis whose end is not yet; indeed, nobody knows how any solution of the present situation will be reached. Figures are not necessary to convince us on this point; we need only look about us. We need only watch the long lines of unemployed outside the Labor Offices and recognize among them young people who have never had a job in their lives; we need only cast our eyes upon the enormous number of houses for sale or to rent in the rich sections of the country; we need only consider all the closed factories, the deserted coal mines, and the London offices with their reduced staffs. If England did not possess several hundred thousand capitalists into whose pockets dividends are flowing from all parts of the Empire as well as from South America, if her merchant marine were not still carrying immense quantities of freight, and if her brilliant technique in business and finance were not gaining her handsome sums in the form of banking and business commissions, she would be on the verge of ruin. The country is now maintaining itself only by means of those sources of revenue that are bound to diminish from year to year.

The causes of this condition can readily be recognized—out-of-date equipment, lower buying power in the Old World, and more formidable competition from American and colonial industries. The remedy, in consequence, consists in looking for markets, modernizing industry, and engaging in every kind of enterprise that increases the well-being of the average man, in other words, his ability to consume. An outstanding enterprise of this nature is a pan-European federation.

In spite of clever Lord D'Abernon's recent visit, South America cannot absorb many British products. Central Europe, Eastern Europe, and Asia are her natural markets, and it is through an alliance with Continental countries that England, coöperating closely with French and German industries, will be able to win them back. The transformation of Russia, a task which that country cannot perform for itself, should be effected without violence by a group of great European trusts. Where individual Germans, Englishmen, and Americans have failed, they could and should succeed by acting together, and how easy it would be to achieve economies with such an arrangement!

With a close *entente* of European nations, coöperating cordially with America, we could reduce naval tonnage fifty to sixty per cent, and not a mere ten or fifteen per cent. A European police force on land, sea, and air would provide the kind of superior guarantee that would permit nations really to disarm. Moreover, foreign capitalists and foreign engineers would be able to bring sure and steady progress to old factories and to rudimentary mines.

ENGLAND, however, is taking the very opposite course from the one she should adopt to alleviate her misfortunes. She treats a pan-European federation with incredulous smiles. She will have nothing to do with any alliance for security, even a Mediterranean one, in which her fleet would have to play a considerable rôle. She holds herself apart as far as possible from all trusts and cartels. Only among a small, elect group does one find the slightest comprehension of international affairs. Ever since the War England has been overwhelmed with such grievous financial difficulties that her solidarity with her former allies has been broken. Her budget is crushing her to earth because she has proudly wished to maintain her pound sterling at its par value in gold, although the resources of the country have enormously diminished. The cost of her navy, though smaller than it was before the War, has become an obsession, yet she does not want to enter any agreements that would allow her to diminish this cost still further. She depends solely on trade, yet does not wish to adopt a policy dominated by trade considerations.

It may be hard on her, but just the same the world will organize itself, and some day this once wealthy nation and mistress of a quarter of the globe will live through some bitter experiences when she finds herself caught between a reconstructed Europe and an overproductive America. Scarcely able to preserve her pound sterling at its present level, handicapped by a system of weights and measures different from those used by other countries, held back by her old machinery and the superannuated traditions of her insular egotism, she will no doubt recall the Naval Conference of 1930 as the golden opportunity that she missed.

President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia completes his eightieth year at the height of his power and reputation. He is the Father of his Country just as surely as George Washington was the father of the United States and it is not too much to say of him that he is the greatest statesman of our time.

MASARYK *at* EIGHTY

By WICKHAM STEED

From the *Review of Reviews*
London Current-Affairs Monthly

ON MARCH 7TH, Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, President of the Czechoslovak Republic, celebrated his eightieth birthday. His whole people celebrated it with him. In modern history it was an event unprecedented. Nor would it be easy to find, in history ancient or modern, a counterpart to Masaryk—a man who, by training and temperament a philosopher, by vocation a university professor, politically the leader of a tiny group in Parliament, went into voluntary exile at the age of 64, leaving family, friends, and livelihood behind him, having resolved not to return unless he could bring with him the freedom and independence of his country. To this resolution he held, till his dream came true beyond his fondest hopes.

The Great War brought forth no greater figure. Some time ago, in reviewing his personal and political work, I wrote:—

‘A generation hence, when the War and its antecedents are seen in perspective, who will be held to have won abiding fame? Among military commanders, perhaps Marshal Foch. Among political leaders, perhaps President Wilson. But I have long thought that, when all accounts are closed and all reputations critically assessed, the man who will stand foremost as a creative statesman will be Thomas Garrigue

Masaryk, the first President of the Czechoslovak Republic. . . . He counted, as with a practical reality, upon the power of the spirit of John Huss, Wycliffe's disciple, who was burned at the stake for heresy in July, 1415.

'Who, save Masaryk, understood that, in raising the Hussite standard in the Hall of the Reformation at Geneva on July 6th, 1915, the fourth centenary of the Czech martyr's death, he was consciously challenging the whole work of the Hapsburg Counterreformation, and was setting out to reverse the sentence of death it had passed upon the Czech nation after the Battle of the White Mountain in 1620? . . . Time and again, in the years before the War, he had risked all to bear witness to the truth. When war came, what stirred him to his depths and possessed him wholly was the idea that, after three centuries of servitude, his people might be reborn to freedom, to spiritual and democratic unity as Huss and the Bohemian Brotherhood had conceived them, and that to him it might be given to fulfill the seer's vision of his illustrious prototype, Comenius: "I, too, believe before God that, when the storms of wrath have passed, to thee shall return the rule over thine own things, O Czech people!"'

MASARYK'S work throughout the War years, in Europe, Asia, and America, is known. His creation of a Czechoslovak army of 50,000 men from among the Czech and Slovak prisoners of war in Russia, and the march of that army from the shore of the Black to the shore of the Yellow Sea rank high among the epics of this century. Yet these tasks were less hard than those which awaited Masaryk and his helpers after their return home. They and their people had but a few years in which to prove, under the scrutinizing gaze of an uninformed world, that in their union and freedom something of true worth had been added to European life. Now they have answered affirmatively the question whether they would be able to stand on their own feet and have shown that their Republic is no chance by-product of a vast crucible.

To-day, the Czechoslovak Republic is recognized throughout the world as a creation, not an accident—a creation all the greater because the past nationhood of Bohemia, abruptly cut short in the early seventeenth century, could hardly be a sure pledge that the Czechoslovak people would be able to face the conditions and discharge the duties imposed by the twentieth century. Inspiration there was, in venerable traditions. But practical achievement demanded sober wisdom and the swift discernment of modern realities.

Masaryk and his helpers might have claimed extenuating circumstances had their efforts failed. The Europe they had known was suddenly transformed before their eyes. Imperial Russia, who had seemed

to many of them a mighty protectress, collapsed and fell into chaos. The Hohenzollern system was overthrown. The Hapsburg Monarchy broke up or was rent asunder. Amid changes so momentous, it would have been comprehensible if the Czechoslovaks had fallen into errors of improvisation and had lost their grip upon fundamentals. They could hardly know on which hand the most dangerous pitfalls lay. The more precious therefore was the guidance of leaders who, while striving in exile to prepare the way for national redemption, had desecrated the future and foreseen its perils.

In looking back over the years since November, 1918, I am inclined to rate even more highly to-day than they could be rated then the forethought and the discerning vision of Masaryk, Beneš, and their associates. Beneath the pall of battle smoke that lay over half the world, they perceived the emergent outline of the new Europe and their country's place in it. Masaryk, wisest of them all, saw as a seer and wrought as an inspired architect.

ACCIDENT sometimes gives point to reflection. Not long ago a bundle of dusty papers fell from a corner of my study. Among them were two letters from Professor Masaryk to me, dated respectively March 22nd and May 8th, 1915. The former bore a Swiss stamp and postmark. Its concluding paragraph ran:—

I intend to come to London very soon; but I have difficulties in getting a passport. Would it be possible to have an English one? I mean a regular passport to all countries?

Ultimately, after many a contest with the suspicious English police, Masaryk got a British passport and, under its protection, set out, in May, 1917, on his historic journey to Russia and round the world.

The second letter ran: 'Hearing that you have returned from France I send you a copy of my memorandum.' The memorandum was entitled 'Independent Bohemia' and contained the programme for the reorganization of Bohemia as an independent state. It analyzed incisively the condition of the whole of Europe. It declared that, with the fall of the Turks, Austria had lost her *raison d'être*—the protection of Europe against Ottoman aggression—and that, as a kind of degenerate Catholic Turkey in the centre of Europe, she was no longer able even to protect or to administer either the people of Bohemia or the Southern Slavs. Thus her title to exist was gone. Therefore Bohemia must think and act for herself, trusting to an Allied victory to regenerate Europe 'by the active furtherance of liberty and progress in the inner life of European nations. In this task,' Masaryk declared, 'the Allies can rely fully on the Bohemian nation.'

This, in the spring of 1915, before the War was nine months old, was the considered view of a lonely professor, in voluntary exile, hampered by 'difficulties in getting a passport.' Not a statesman in Europe then understood the profound truth of his words. He alone knew their truth and acted upon it.

THE history of the early years of the Czechoslovak Republic will remain as inseparable from the names of Masaryk, Beneš, Rašín, Švehla, and many another as is the history of its foundation. No better fortune could have befallen the young state than that the men who had worked, abroad and at home, to prepare for its establishment, should have guided its infant feet; for these men had learned the hardest lesson of democratic freedom—that, being a negation of absolutism and autocracy, it must itself eschew autocratic and absolutist modes of thought and action; and that, even in the struggle for self-preservation, it cannot be intolerant. How easily might not the Czechoslovak people, in the first flush of triumph, have turned upon their former oppressors and have let them feel the full bitterness of racial rancor! How hard must it have been to preserve, among the disappointments and the discouraging relativities of daily life, the fine feelings and the high ideals that had inspired the great adventure of liberation! From these dangers the influence of Masaryk and the spirit of Huss and Comenius preserved their people. Nothing in the record of the Republic has been more gladdening than the wisdom which has permitted the 3,000,000 German citizens of Czechoslovakia to take part in her public life, and to share in her Government, on a footing of equality with their Czech and Slovak fellow countrymen.

Indeed, to the Czechoslovak people belong the honor and the merit of having made good the claim which its leaders in exile put forward in its name. No man of insight wishes to-day that the Czechoslovak nation were still enslaved, for none of the new states in Europe has vindicated more fully than Czechoslovakia its right to be counted an asset, a positive element in international stability. True, much remains to be done. Not all Czechoslovaks nor all European peoples yet know what conditions are indispensable to progress. National selfishnesses and international suspicions still befog many minds. Self-assertiveness has not yet been vanquished by the spirit of service. We English remember that, from the blind King John of Bohemia, Edward, the Black Prince, took, upon the field of Crécy, the emblem and the motto borne by the Princes of Wales. Than that motto—'Ich dien'—none is nobler; and it is none the less noble for being written in the German tongue. Sometimes I think it is the true motto for Bohemia reborn and for Czechoslovakia created, since their greatness has lain and must lie in serving

the new order in Europe, an order without which the Europe of to-morrow could not be.

As heiress to the beliefs and principles of Huss, the Martyr, and Comenius, the Educator, Czechoslovakia has it in her power greatly to serve humanity. It is profoundly true that nations, like men, wield lasting influence in the world only by devotion to some ideal greater than themselves, to some cause transcending their own immediate advantage. Among the saints and heroes of their past, the Czechoslovaks of to-day can find examples and inspiration for the work they have to do. This work is nothing less than the vindication of organized democratic freedom as the highest form of political, civil, and religious life. Democracy is the right of a people to govern itself; but the exercise of this right is linked with the recognition of the rights of others, and with the discharge of duties toward them and toward the state. Nothing is harder than for men, schooled in revolutionary opposition to an autocratic government, to show tolerance and moderation when they, in their turn, are given the power to oppress. Not less hard is it for a people, bred in distrust of alien authority, to feel and to show the necessary measure of helpful confidence in their own government, and to coöperate with an authority that has ceased to be alien.

THROUGH this difficult process of transmutation the Czechoslovak people, under Masaryk's guidance, has passed with a high measure of success. It has found the way toward freedom—political, religious, and social. It is learning that freedom is relative, not absolute; and that, in practice, freedom implies the careful and conscientious maintenance of a progressive balance between rights and duties on the part of individual citizens and between the sometimes conflicting rights of individual races and nations.

Eleven years are long in the life of a man, short in the life of a nation. Yet even in a nation's life they may determine the course of generations. I believe that, since the prophecy of Comenius has been fulfilled, since the rule over their own things has returned to his people, no human power will avail to wrest it from them if they remain true to the spirit of their free forefathers, and to Masaryk's ideals and example. Theirs it is still to uphold, as they have upheld for eleven years in a world wavering between facile forms of irresponsible tyranny and difficult forms of responsible liberty, the cause of freedom of conscience and of free and orderly democratic life.

On his eightieth birthday, no better wish can be offered their great leader than this: that the people he led to redemption may continue greatly to serve Europe and the world in the light of his precepts and in the strength of his faith.

As Chancellor of His Majesty's Exchequer Philip Snowden has proved himself to be one of the most powerful figures in the Labor Party. Rumors of his forthcoming budget have brought a young panic to the London Stock Exchange, but the Gallic eye of M. Bardoux has detected a reassuring and recent change of heart.

SNOWDEN Converted

By JACQUES BARDOUX

Translated from *Le Temps*
Paris Semi-Official Daily

WHEN the Second Hague Conference ended a month ago German opinion greeted the event with unmistakable coolness. The Nationalists were declamatory on the subject. The *Kreuz Zeitung* affirmed that Germany had 'played the rôle of Prometheus bound.' The *Junge Deutsche* said that the country had undergone 'a grave defeat.' The Centre Party, also, showed displeasure. 'The bitterest of all pills,' declared *Germania* again and again. The Social Democrats were more doubtful. They weighed advantages against disadvantages, gains against losses, and grudgingly admitted that the assured evacuation of the Rhineland and the immediate reduction of annuities were of more importance than the inconvenience of mobilization and the risks of sanctions. Yet the provision allowing sanctions was what really hurt.

When Mr. Snowden returned from the Hague he gave a statement to the press in which he expressed quite a new attitude on the settlement of the reparations question: 'I am highly satisfied with the results of the conference. They have surpassed all my expectations.' His satisfaction also led him to add: 'The solutions finally arrived at in regard to four or five questions touching upon the German annuities, which gave rise to extensive discussions, have not left the German delegation with any

feeling of discontent or even of displeasure.' Mr. Philip Snowden is satisfied. How then can Germany fail to share his opinion and demand more than this just Laborite desires?

If Mr. Snowden is content it is chiefly 'because the gains that were assured England at the first conference have been maintained,' and, secondly, 'because we have definitely got rid of the irritating question of liquidating private property.' It is quite natural that a Laborite should feel that British problems are more important than any others and that a British solution is the best one possible. This usage is consecrated by history and these methods are approved by the Bible. Germany has therefore no excuse for failing to join the other poor nations of Europe in supporting a programme so solidly established and so piously consecrated. Lord Palmerston and Lord Salisbury acted in the same way, and Philip Snowden takes care not to introduce innovations. He merely pretends to continue a tradition.

BUT let us pursue the subject further and investigate some of the conflicting opinions expressed by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer and the German press. He does not share the fears of the German newspapers regarding the possible consequences of the mobilization of unconditional annuities. 'The French attached great importance to the matter. They were very desirous to capitalize as much as possible as soon as possible.' To accomplish this, however, 'Germany will remain outside the foreign money market until the first effort to mobilize her annuities has been made.' Yet this attack on German liberty, this continuation of foreign control that aroused so many Nationalist protests, did not disturb the scruples of the socialistic Mr. Snowden, who certainly is not suspected on the far side of the Rhine of being a Francophil. He has accepted the inevitable but painful consequences that the Reich must suffer from such a mobilization in spite of the fact that it is advantageous to French interests and forms a legitimate part of French reparations.

Nor does Philip Snowden agree with the German press in its comments on the protocol regarding the uses of sanctions. The text of the final agreement provides that if the Permanent Court of International Justice should discover that the Reich was endeavoring to destroy the Young Plan it would consider the creditor powers legally entitled to recover their freedom of action. This protocol appeared to the eye of the Laborite negotiator to possess a quite inoffensive character, although this was by no means the sentiment of Mr. Snowden when he stigmatized the occupation of the Ruhr. If he feels to-day that sanctions can be brought to bear after the Court has investigated the case it is because the whole question seems to him to possess 'a more academic

than practical interest. It is, in fact, highly improbable that there will be any occasion which will raise the question in tangible form.'

Why? Is it because an international debtor cannot go bankrupt twice? Is it because England, a debtor to the United States, will not tolerate the failure of one of her own indispensable debtors? Or is it simply because the Reich, now that it is partially relieved and economically prosperous, has an obvious interest in fulfilling its obligations? None of these interpretations, and I cannot think of any others, is pleasing to the German Nationalists or displeasing to French interests. On the contrary, each point reveals a solidarity on the part of Western Europe that Philip Snowden used to deny, and each consideration assures the fulfillment of a treaty that Philip Snowden once condemned.

The Socialist minister of British finance also congratulates himself on having contributed a few firm words that helped to bring about the complete and un hoped-for settlement of eastern reparations, a problem that has seemed insoluble for the past ten years. If he denies having brutalized the Hungarians and if he felicitates himself on having at the same time humored Austria and assured the Little Entente of legitimate satisfaction, Philip Snowden forgets that the solution by which expropriated territory will be dispensed through arbitration tribunals is the same one that Sir Austen Chamberlain proposed ten years ago.

WITHIN the first few days of the conference, this new attitude of Mr. Snowden's became quite evident, in spite of the fact that he was making his first acquaintance with a disciple of Georges Clemenceau, whom Snowden used to attack, and an author of the Versailles Treaty, which Snowden had always condemned in the past. People naturally wondered when the conference opened whether the Socialist minister was going to put his back up, listening angrily to the other delegates and coöperating unwillingly. But nothing of the sort happened. Quite a different atmosphere prevailed. He assumed an air of courteous curiosity. The experts were amazed. André Tardieu greeted him with smiles, and it was Philip Snowden who made a speech to the debtor nations uttering those words of firmness that in the last analysis are just as necessary as an atmosphere of cordiality. How is this conversion to be explained? I am told that Philip Snowden came to the First Hague Conference full of a bitter prejudice against the French. Having become since his sickness an even more insular Saxon than most inhabitants of Yorkshire, Philip Snowden imagined the French as a caricature of what they were in 1815—soldiers on half pay with curling moustaches, braggarts and boasters, men who knew nothing about geography and possessed no practical ability but who dreamed only of battles and conquests. But he was too intelligent and reflective a man

himself not to abandon these prejudices when he came in contact with the modern, comprehensive, precise Frenchman. The revelation, so I am told, softened him.

I believe that certain other witnesses were even closer to historic truth when they suggested that some preliminary agreement had been reached. The gold reserve in the Bank of France and the easy money conditions in Paris no doubt permitted certain services to be rendered and certain opponents to be appeased. These services were performed and the opponents yielded. Letters were exchanged. But would the knowledge of such an agreement have made Philip Snowden act as he did? I do not believe so at all.

TO-DAY the Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer can no longer enjoy, as he did under Lloyd George, the spectacle of Germany going bankrupt. The rigorous demands of America and the uncertainty of receiving payment on the French debt have forced His Majesty's Chancellor to drop his attitude of nonchalance and generosity.

It would be impossible to increase, even by a few pounds, the fiscal charges under which the British producer, not to mention the British taxpayer, must labor. Higher production costs make all Utopias vanish into thin air, and even the most socialistic of pacifists cannot allow himself to raise these costs, check economic activity, and thus increase unemployment. Nothing could be more painful for one of the 1914 neutrals than to make war and sanctions legitimate and to have to refuse to pay the Reich for confiscated private property as all the other creditor nations have done. Yet when the German press begins to clamor and radical jurists protest Philip Snowden can only make up for his intransigent attitude by allowing the debtor a few small crumbs. He has kept his seven billion gold francs and he is also collecting his balance of three hundred and fifty millions. If he forgives a debt of sixty-five million gold francs it is solely because he is legally compelled to do so. He has surrendered only one hundred and twenty-five million gold francs to people who are in dire misery because of their confiscated goods and the *Vossische Zeitung* and the *Berliner Tageblatt* have declared that this result is as unsatisfactory as possible.

Philip Snowden remained at the Hague what he was during the negotiations of November and December: exacting, economical, foresighted. May this conversion, this new evidence of how easily a British Socialist forgets and evolves have its consequences and its echoes. May it win for France the right to naval equality with Japan that she deserves, may it give Mr. James Ramsay MacDonald the security pact for the English Channel that he desires, and may it enable Mr. Philip Snowden to effect the economies that he needs for his budget.

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

HENRY BORDEAUX MEETS EMIL LUDWIG

ELEVEN YEARS HAVE PASSED since the war to end war ended and M. Henry Bordeaux of the French Academy has at last consented to speak to a German, Emil Ludwig having been the lucky object of this magnanimous act. The meeting occurred, appropriately enough, near Locarno, and after a few general observations regarding Napoleon and Goethe, the discussion drifted down to more recent times. Ludwig praised Stresemann for having been a good European as well as a good German, but Bordeaux retorted, in effect, that no one would ever have known it. Speaking of Stresemann's funeral, Ludwig then suggested, 'Don't you believe that if M. Briand had gone to Berlin to take official part in the obsequies of Stresemann that the cause of the Franco-German alliance would have taken a great step forward?'

'The reply was too easy,' confesses M. Bordeaux, to whom we are indebted for the report of the interview, 'for me to let it escape.'

'And don't you believe,' responded M. Bordeaux, 'that, if a German delegation had come to the obsequies of Marshal Foch, such a gesture would have been appreciated in France at its true value?'

'But that was impossible,' objected Ludwig. 'Marshal Foch was the head of the Allied armies.'

'It was under that title that he stopped the War on the 11th of November when so many commanders, with a view only to their own glory, would have pushed through an invasion. Yet he remained at your country's frontier. That, in my opinion, is something that Germany should not forget, for you invaded us in 1870. Did not Bismarck want to make peace after Sedan and wasn't he swept

away by the military commanders? Foch, the master of the hour, did not want a drop of unnecessary blood to be spilled.'

Silence followed and then the talk shifted to the future generation and the hopes for Franco-German understanding. M. Bordeaux again took the offensive and accused German educators of nourishing a spirit of revenge, whereas the French taught nothing but peace. M. Bordeaux did not choose to record the 'evasive' answer that this question brought and he closes his account of their conversation with a guarded tribute to *July '14* and the dreadful picture of international anarchy portrayed by Herr Ludwig in its pages.

HUXLEY TURNS TO DRAMA

THE SUCCESS of Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter Point* as a novel has inspired Leon M. Lion, one of London's leading theatrical producers, to accept a dramatized version of the book by Campbell Dixon and to put it on as a play entitled *This Way to Paradise*. Mr. Huxley himself was at first skeptical about the venture and when he read the script of the proposed drama he felt that a great many elements that were important in the book had been omitted. However, when the rehearsals began he recognized just why so many cuts had been made and how important it was to make Philip and Elinor, the married couple whose little boy finally dies, the central figures. In an interview in the *Observer*, Mr. Huxley explained himself as follows:—

Mr. Dixon has raised up the relationship of those two people into the main theme, and I find it is very effective on the stage. It is truer to life than the ordinary triangular story—Philip and Elinor going on somewhat vaguely, knowing something is wrong and unable to find out what it is. Life is so like that.

Of course, Mr. Dixon has had to reject a lot of material, important in the novel, but not essential in the dramatic version. When I first read the script the difference from the book seemed disturbing; at first sight the play seemed only a bald sketch of the original, but at rehearsals I have been intensely interested to see how the producer and the actors 'fill in' the characters and supply so much that is in the book and is missing in the script of the play. The piece you will see at Daly's on Thursday is a distinct creation which Mr. Dixon has based on my novel. The whole process of translation from one form to another has interested me very much and encouraged me to start writing a play myself.

Asked to define the differences between writing plays and writing novels, Mr. Huxley replied that the chief one seemed to him to be that the novelist was solely responsible for the effects he achieved whereas the dramatist had to depend on other people to help him out. In regard to the identity of the characters in *Point Counter Point*, he offered this explanation:—

You cannot draw characters from real life, unless you also recreate their circumstances. They do not exist without. But it is the art of the novelist to observe people and incidents around him and to weave them into his books. All the great writers have done so. None of the characters in *Point Counter Point* is a portrait of any living being, but I should hesitate to say that I have not consciously or unconsciously drawn on people I have met in creating my characters. That is the only way to make your people human beings. But if you tried to make an exact portrait of a real person the result would be clumsy, for the reason I have given.

Mr. Huxley also announced that a new book of his will appear this spring containing one long story of 50,000 words and a number of shorter sketches. He says that the only reason he lives outside of England is because of the climate, but that he is now planning to return to his native heath for keeps.

SCHÖNBERG'S NEW OPERA

ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG, the most modern of all modernist composers, has written an opera which embodies in its plot as well as in its music the spirit of the present time. The score indicates that the jazz rhythms of Krenek have come to stay, for a while at least, but they are considerably modified by Schönberg's strict adherence to his theory of a twelve-tone scale. One critic has described the work as comparable to that of Einstein, in that it is superlatively excellent of its kind, but difficult to understand. It is a comparatively modest effort, the performance lasting only an hour and the orchestra being confined to merely seventy pieces.

The text of *Von Heute auf Morgen*, as the piece is called, purports to be the work of someone called Blonda, but Schönberg is suspected of having been the real author. A bourgeois married couple is discovered returning home from an evening passed in the company of a more Bohemian, not to say companionate, pair who, being free, seem also charming. The husband finds himself attracted by the lady—the wife is equally drawn to the unhusbandlike man and attempts to create an erotic rather than a conjugal atmosphere by putting on her best dress, dyeing her hair, and announcing that she is sick and tired of keeping house.

At this juncture the Bohemian couple put through a telephone call suggesting a happy evening of intoxication in a neighboring bar, but just as the married pair are preparing to set forth, the wife, a stranger to such pleasures, ruefully recalls the cheerful hours they used to spend over domestic cups of coffee. Meanwhile, the Bohemians, tired of waiting, have decided to call for their friends, whom they find weeping tears of reconciliation and repentance. This harrowing spectacle makes them realize how frail are the bonds of illicit love and they understand that the ultramodern people of to-day will soon become the irretrievably old-fashioned people of to-morrow.

HOUSMAN BURLESQUED

IF ONE OF THE EARMARKS of genius is to lend one's self readily to burlesque, A. E. Housman must be numbered among the Olympians. Many parodists have taken successful flings at imitating the distinctive mannerisms of his *Shropshire Lad* verses, but no one ever had a better opening than 'Lucio' of the *Manchester Guardian*, who recently found a news item that read as follows: 'A Ludlow (Shropshire) man while gardening has been stung by a bee—an unusual occurrence at this time of year.' Here is the Housmanized version of the incident:—

When smoke stood up from Ludlow,
And frost was on each tree,
I labored in my garden
Accompanied by a bee
Which came and gnawed at me;

And when I roared in anguish
And rubbed my punctured hide,
Protesting that in winter
The insect was off side,
That beastly bee replied:—

'Nay, Terence, you should not complain
About a little passing pain;
Come, bear you like a Ludlow lad,
Inured from birth to all that's bad!
You must not kick up such a row—
You ought to realize by now
That Shropshire Lads are ne'er in clover
Since Mr. Housman took them over,
And things in Ludlow all go wrong
According to his tuneful song.
Come, what's a bee, my bonny boy,
But something you should quite enjoy?
You might have met a much worse
check—
You might be hanging by the neck,
Or jilted by the lass you courted
And generally mucked up and
thwarted,
Or 'listed for a sodger bold
And buried deep in foreign mould;
Such fates persistently pursue
The lads that Mr. Housman knew.
With such traditions round the place
There's nothing strange about your
case—

If any bee in darkest winter
Desires a human hide to splinter,
The obvious victim to be had
Is naturally a Ludlow lad.
So do not stamp your foot and shout,
For Ludlow luck is always out—
And what's the odds, when all is said,
For, anyway, you'll soon be dead?'

Gray smoke stood up from Ludlow,
But I saw very red;
I bashed that bee severely
And left it very dead;
By me its blood was shed.

So now farewell to stack and tree,
Farewell to Severn shore,
For I have slain a Housman bee
And I come back no more!

ARCHITECTURE IN RUSSIA

USE, NOT BEAUTY, has become the dominating consideration of modern Russian architects, who are already beginning to leave their imprint on the face of Moscow and other large cities. The dwelling houses, many of them planned for a communal social life with huge kitchens, clubrooms, nurseries, and laundries, have large, horizontal windows, and flat roofs, to allow room for sun baths and exercise. The employees of the Finance Commissariat occupy a building that is supported upon pillars so that automobiles can be parked where the ground floor would normally be. All these structures are made of steel, concrete, and glass, materials that do not lend themselves to decorative treatment and therefore serve to express the purely utilitarian spirit of Soviet life.

Lenin's mausoleum, the shrine of all good Communists, represents the last word in modern Russian architecture, though its simple outlines are not quite so stark as those of the buildings. In shape this mausoleum follows the style of the ancient Persian tombs and it will contain, when completed, many rare and precious stones from all parts of the Soviet Union. At the same time this is being done the paving of Red Square will also be renovated and laid out in streaks of different

colors that will help to guide the manœuvres of parading troops. Until recently the top of Lenin's last resting place has been used as a platform for political speakers, but it has now been shut off and the original wooden construction is being replaced by a larger monument built of more durable material.

In spite of the monotonous straight lines that characterize most of the new buildings in Russia, color has not been entirely banished by any means. The suggestion has been made that in each city different colors predominate in different quarters, the centre of the town being the darkest portion, with the outlying districts growing steadily lighter. Inside, too, the houses of Russia are to be bright and cheerful. Yellow is considered the ideal color for a study, while in the bedrooms darker hues are preferred. All in all, the idea is to allow as much variety and decoration as possible but to have that decoration always serve some useful end.

ARCHÆOLOGY IN ALBANIA

ITALY'S PENETRATION of Albania, which has been arousing more or less concern during the past ten years, has at least yielded results in the field of archæology. A group of Italians headed by Dr. L. M. Ugolini has been particularly successful in excavating various sites mentioned in Virgil's *Æneid*, notably the acropolis of Buthrotum, where Æneas is said to have spent two days before crossing the Adriatic to establish a new Ilium on the banks of the Tiber. Doors,

mosaics, and a frigidarium dating back to Roman times have been uncovered and King Zogu brought the whole affair to a climax by giving Mussolini a statue known as the Goddess of Butrinto, the choicest discovery made so far.

Last summer also witnessed fresh progress in the Santi Quaranta region, where, in the face of constant danger from malaria, important finds dating back to the third century B.C. were excavated. A temple dedicated to Æsculapius, containing upward of three hundred pottery statues, and a fine Greek theatre erected in the Roman period have been revealed. The theatre, in particular, is in an excellent state of preservation and contains many square yards of Greek inscriptions written in tiny but quite decipherable characters. Many fine statues have also been found, including one of Agrippa, who won the battle of Actium in the year 31 B.C.

During the spring of this year, when climatic conditions become more favorable, the Italian expedition will resume its task. It will explore the land surrounding the salt lake of Vivari, whose undrinkable water seethes with the germs of malaria. These districts have been long deserted by man, although they possess a stark natural beauty that once persuaded human beings to live and flourish there. The work, incidentally, will be pushed with particular vigor because the two thousandth anniversary of Virgil's birth is being celebrated this year.

America's mechanical civilization alarms Europe fully as much as it does ourselves. Gabriel Reuillard weighs its advantages and drawbacks, basing his arguments on first-hand evidence and warning the Old World to stick to its old way of life.

MEN *or* MACHINES?

By GABRIEL REUILLARD

Translated from *Le Progrès Civique*
Paris Radical Weekly

MACHINERY involves the whole question of progress, the whole question of the future as well as of the present. There is no vaster subject in the world nor any that lends itself to more interpretations and controversies. None the less let us make an attempt to see what we can of this obscure field.

A most important and interesting book has just appeared which may be of some assistance to us. It is called *Sa Majesté la Machine* and is by J. L. Duplan, a man of wide experience. His ideas on machinery, like all ideas, lend themselves to every kind of discussion, but whatever one may think of the aims that the author of this book has in view, one cannot deny the value of his testimony. M. Duplan formerly lived in Lyon, but one fine day he departed for America, where he found more ample credit facilities. Within the space of a few years he had developed a model factory equipped with the most highly perfected machinery, known as the Duplan Silk Corporation, one of the largest of its kind in the world.

M. Duplan demonstrates that the machine increases the output of the worker, assures him of better wages, and lowers the cost of production. It increases the number of consumers by putting all products within the reach of the middle class. It enables certain big companies with good administrators, like the Duplan Silk Corporation, to create

a state of well-being for its employees. His factories in Hazleton, Dorranceton, and Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, have often been described by visitors as models of their kind, possessing, as they do, electric motors that accomplish all the mechanical tasks. The most fatiguing duties are performed by arms of steel, and the workrooms are light, spacious, evenly heated, and well ventilated. The workers are allowed to spend their leisure in rooms given over to rest, games, dancing, music, gymnastics, reading, and instructive or recreational meetings.

In France we have long since passed that epoch when M. Duplan was unable to persuade his compatriots to adopt machines, a time when employers paid their workers low salaries and let them live in miserable dwellings where tuberculosis soon ended their unhappy existences. While such conditions prevailed our manufacturers were competing for a small and fixed clientele which they did not even endeavor to enlarge, preferring to league themselves together, intermarrying and treating as intruders all who came to them from the outer world with new methods. Progress has, of course, been made, great progress, but solely material progress. Machinery leads fatally to mass production and standardization, though machinery also puts many products at the disposal of modest buyers. What it gains in quantity, however, it loses in quality.

TWO happy instances chosen by Professor Rougier, who writes the preface to this book, give an admirable idea of the mediocre quality of mass-production goods, especially when they are goods of an essentially spiritual nature. The literary theatre is being replaced by the silent or talking film and, according to M. Rougier, the modern world, whose wealth has kept on growing in spite of the World War, finds itself too poor to finance the literary and artistic works that infinitely poorer groups, but groups not subject to the machine, found themselves able to create. Look, for instance, at what has happened to books. A volume with an edition of only a thousand copies cost three and a half francs before the War, making possible a literature of ideas supported by a public of some eight to twelve hundred readers. With the rising cost of raw materials and the increase in salaries, together with the lower buying power of the gold franc, book manufacturers can only survive if they sell large editions. To make its way nowadays, a book must sell three thousand copies at least, and its public, in that case, is less cultivated than the former public of only a thousand. The result is that the production of pure literature has almost ceased. A budding Gourmont or Renan would not find a publisher to-day, a Victor Hugo born in our time of so-called progress would have to publish his *Odes and Ballads* at his own expense.

On the other hand, the largest publishing house in the United States, the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia, occupies a building eleven stories high, with more than twenty-seven acres of floor space. It is at once a club and a gigantic factory, where the machine spews out mass publications, most of them illustrated, and these publications, such as the *Saturday Evening Post*, of which two million copies a week are produced, go all over the world. It is a popular literature but a mediocre one, lacking in savor and consistency, replete with palpitating stories, current articles, and illustrations, and stuffed with advertising pages, the whole selling for the amazing price of only five cents for a hundred pages of shiny paper. Such literature is quickly read, quickly digested, and quickly thrown aside. It nourishes its readers during a subway ride but is at once abandoned. Material progress has evidently been made, but not moral progress.

M. Duplan's great argument in favor of machinery is that it gives the worker leisure and permits him to spend several hours a day as he pleases. Whereas hand labor chained the worker down to a long day's work in return for which he received an all too slight material reward, he now has spare hours to give to intellectual pursuits, which may gradually become his chief occupation if he is sufficiently clever, so that from the obscure world of the liberated proletariat an Edison or a Rodin may more easily be able to emerge. But this is true only in part. The machine frees the worker, but by putting its products within his reach it gives him new tastes and needs that he cannot satisfy except by increasing his production. Sport, the automobile, the radio, and the modern dance dog his footsteps, claiming his attention and finally absorbing him. But let us quote M. Rougier:—

'The ancient world, based as it was on a precarious economic system, made a virtue of necessity. Through the maxims of its sages and the exemplary lives of its philosophers it preached moderation and temperance. The machine world has made it a categorical imperative for us to consume until we burst. The best Greek wisdom taught a man how to live within himself, how to shape his interior being, how to renounce anything that did not depend on himself. The machine world invites us to externalize ourselves, to give ourselves up, body and soul, to the benefits and diversions of this world. It creates in us that extraordinary consumer's mentality that believes that only bought things give pleasure. Hence the undeniable cheapening of the public mind.'

IT IS a disconcerting anomaly that the machine should reduce the hours of work and yet at the same time annihilate our leisure hours, those hours that the old-time sages who had mastered their own needs and who were seldom tempted consecrated entirely to spiritual and

moral culture. And the machine does still worse things. Through the social system that it has developed it is beginning to kill the very people it brought into the world. If perfect machines exist it is because scholars, inventors, and disinterested pioneers existed, men who were willing to live in relative poverty in order to give themselves over to the speculations of bourgeois science. These investigators, almost all of them members of the lower middle class, did not aspire as people do to-day to accept those remunerative positions that commerce and industry now force upon them. Yet many such people still exist and are forced to eke out their living by accepting degrading work and devoting to it hours that they ought to spend increasing their knowledge. The former condition of disinterested activity is no longer possible. The big laboratories devoted to pure science are pouring their valuable stores of human material into big commercial and industrial concerns where momentary profit is to be gained. But since everything worth while is the result of research for the sake of research we are damming our river at its source. Applied science is born of pure science, but a passion for applied science kills pure science. It is something like wanting to get children without mothers or hens without eggs.

We again quote M. Rougier: 'Will the future mass-production cities of France under the reign of the machine resemble Gopher Prairie as described by Sinclair Lewis, with standardized houses, standardized streets all running at right angles to each other, and standardized inhabitants like the *Homo Americanus*, with uniform traits, stereotyped gestures, and manufactured thoughts, thoughts which are themselves the products of machines? Such people have been robbed of their very personalities by the machine, by standardization, and by lives devoted entirely to business.'

All this no doubt helps to explain the monotony and dreariness of American crowds and the difficulty that cultivated Europeans experience in acclimatizing themselves socially. 'Compare the uniformity of American life to the prodigious diversity of life in Europe and you will agree with Ferrero that what Americans come to the Old World for is variety. The different countries and even the different provinces that used to be small independent nations have evolved different customs and different kinds of people. Visit Europe and what a contrast you discover between London, Madrid, Oslo, Vienna, and Moscow!

'This diversity, reflected in the cities and the varying moral codes, makes itself even more strongly felt in the character of the people. Individualism is the weakness and strength of the Old World. In a Parisian salon, in an artist's atelier, or in a box at the opera, the people who meet each other and discuss subjects together are all of them separate personalities, each with his own ideas on religion, politics, and modern problems. Yet it is futile for us to rail against the currents

that are bearing us away, for they are stronger than we are. Machinery, with all its faults and virtues, is overwhelming us. It is opening a new era in which man must discover whether he can make artistic uses of the machine or whether he must serve it as its slave.'

A VIEWPOINT opposed to that of M. Duplan, but equally significant, is presented by M. Arnold Brémont in his book, *Une Explication du Monde ouvrier*. M. Arnold Brémont speaks from experience. Having completed a course in theology at the University of Paris, he wanted to begin another type of education. He therefore became a worker and from the 11th of December, 1925, to the 15th of July, 1927, took job after job both as a skilled and unskilled laborer. What conclusion did he reach? All his jobs were wearisome in the extreme. 'This labor,' he says, 'exhausts the body; the end of the day finds one in a state of such fatigue that one is completely worn out.'

Now let us judge the machine by the results M. Brémont drew from his interesting experience and let us consider the specialized tasks in factories where the machine reigns supreme. Five machines working in a series keep hammering incessantly in the gloomy atmosphere of a dark workroom where cutters, borers, and presses are being served by one hundred and fifty human slaves. The fierce dictatorship of steel imposes on man a silence that isolates him even from his most immediate neighbors. A woman working a mechanical clipper cuts 5,500 steel handles a day, throwing her machine in gear 11,000 times and throwing it out as many times more, in other words, performing the same mechanical gesture 22,000 times in nine hours.

Brémont himself worked a lever press which bent the steel from which the handles were made. He turned out five hundred pieces a day, the repetitious motions involved soon bringing about an intolerable pain in the kidneys—and he was expected to perform this exhausting task three hundred days of every year. The intensification of machinery has done away with the well-rounded workers that used to exist. Nowadays only unskilled workers are needed. M. Brémont asserts that in a group of 50,000 workers which before the War included a respectable number of men skilled in some craft, the proportion has now fallen to 15 per cent in 1926.

THE slavery of the specialized machine worker makes him a mechanized creature full of despair. After repeating the same gesture for three hours like the piston of a locomotive, what thoughts are likely to lodge in the empty head of a laborer? Boredom, 'that infernal visitor to every factory,' soon appears and M. Brémont heard many of his comrades

saying that the Taylor system would drive them all crazy in a few years. He then makes this observation: 'It was practically impossible to talk at all in the workroom without running the risk of breaking the mechanical rhythm of motions that had to be executed on the split second, for it was always hard to swing back again into a rhythm involving complicated movements and regular alternations. For instance, the men in a certain factory who had to knead a black paste heated to 100 degrees centigrade, and to whose heat their hands never became accustomed, had to spend thirteen hours a day in absolute silence and solitude if they lived three quarters of an hour away from the factory and had to take lunch alone at a neighboring restaurant. Intensive machinery is thus creating a new type of man, a factory Trappist, and the acquired or innate skill of this Trappist is exploited to the utmost.'

M. Brémont then describes fifteen different kinds of specialized skilled labor and tells of a Russian intellectual who acquired such mastery of a certain task that he was able to earn 265 francs a week on piece work. Those who came after him in the wage scale made 160, 120, 110, 100, and 95 francs for sixty hours of active labor. Finally this champion at standardized toil succeeded in making 300 francs a week, which led the manager of the factory to reduce wages on piece work 30 per cent. The champion's pay, which fell to 200 francs, was still enough, but how about the others? 'And hence,' concludes M. Brémont, 'when the speed of my motions exceeded the normal rhythm I would hear someone say to me, "Comrade, don't go so fast."'

Machinery, especially when it is exploited by an avaricious employer, involves still another danger to the worker. M. Brémont saw this danger and defines it as follows: 'So many women had their fingers crushed in a lock factory by being unable to keep up with the mechanical process that finally no insurance company would do business with the employer. Only the combined hostility of the insurance companies and the legal obligation to insure his workers obliged the inhuman employer to improve his machinery, which from that time forth was turned on and off as the workers saw fit.' In the light of this evidence it is difficult to pretend that the machine brings with it hours of ease or prepares the way for happiness.

BUT perhaps the young theologian who turned workingman for over a year to understand the life of the laborer will be taxed with having exaggerated. I have heard advocates of the machine declare that in France we have only progressed a little way and that one should visit America to witness the happy results that machinery can achieve. It is in this connection, of course, that the enthusiastic books by Duplan and Dubreuil are often cited. Very well, but here is another traveler no

less intelligent, no less informed, and no less experienced, who has something to say on the subject. A few days ago during a conference organized by the Comité National d'Études, M. Dubreuil, the author of *Standards*, expressed himself in his usual manner, advocating the development of machinery. But another witness also made himself heard, M. André Philipp, a learned professor in the University of Lyon who has written many remarkable books on labor problems, and who was able to speak from experience, having undertaken a long and minute study of standardized labor in the United States. 'Rationalization,' he declared, 'is at once a method, a technique, and a form of mysticism. The scientific organization of industry is the great new fact of the twentieth century. The Taylor system, improved upon by Henry Ford and by a fresh psychological technique, has given birth to ultra-optimistic social doctrines which are supposedly able to reconcile a policy of prosperity with the happiness of the workingman.'

It seems that the time has come to oppose vigorously the terrible monotony induced by machinery, and to return to older methods. After the worker has entered the factory he is selected to perform a certain type of work and his interest is aroused in the least mechanical tasks—an initial breach in the Taylor system. Certain factories even go so far as to revoke the right of the foreman to dismiss employees, a second breach in the all-powerful authority of the Taylor system. The result is two classes, or rather two categories, of workers, one of which includes the men who perform the most simple mechanical tasks and the other, the real creative workers, who are becoming more and more like engineers. American industry is now too highly developed to be content with merely providing goods to the American people, and the value of American manufactured exports has risen from \$2,000,000,000 in 1914 to \$5,240,000,000 in 1929.

M. Philipp also has the courage to point out another danger that the system presents to the worker: 'The organization of factory councils, the purchase of stock by the worker, and the mysticism of production have enabled the head of the enterprise to dominate his employees completely. The slightest manifestation of independence involves immediate dismissal by the employer, who draws up "black lists" headed by the names of workers who belong to unions. This domination of his also extends through every avenue of social life.'

M. Philipp then called attention to the fate of certain university professors who were dismissed from their chairs for having refused to sacrifice freedom of thought, and devotion to pure art and science, to the professional necessities laid upon them by the new gospel of work.

Workers or slaves? Man dominated by the machine or man dominating it? A civilization that enriches its people or one that devours them? It is time for us to choose.

Here is the real China—not the impossibly serene country of the philosophic Confucius, nor the equally improbable hotbed of warfare that we read about in the newspapers. The native-born author draws her conclusions from a lifetime spent in the Far East and a thorough knowledge of Chinese literature.

The Soul of China

By PEARL S. BUCK

From *Pacific Affairs*

Official Organ of the Institute of Pacific Relations

THE COMPLEXITIES of modern China have given to spectators such a bewildering picture of inexplicable situations that it is no wonder we of the West have fallen into the habit of shrugging our shoulders and murmuring, 'Oh well, that's China!' Small blame to us, either, for even those of us who elect to live in the country scarcely know from day to day what to believe that this China is, in spite of seeing with our own eyes, so torn is she by the winds of the new times, yet so fraught with the winds of the past.

For one must still dig into the past to understand the China of to-day, that past where her roots lie deep, and I for one have chosen to put aside the past of which the Chinese themselves are so proud, the past of her religious and philosophical literature, and have rather peered into that mirror of her life, disregarded for centuries by her scholars, the mirror of her fiction. It is tarnished with a thousand years of her people. In that mirror are the shadows, rather, the very images of emperors and courtiers and royal concubines, of gods and ragged priests and thieves and courtesans, of working people—husbands and wives and children. It is the procession of the Chinese people as they are.

The root, I believe, of our confusion about China has been here, that we have seen her in the ice-pure pages of her wisdom literature. There the lonely figures of Confucius and Mencius and Lao-tsze have passed in stately isolation and we have marveled at their clear perfection and have taken of this perfection and given it to the country they loved and sought to form. Then we have caught glimpses of another and heterogeneous China, and properly we have been bemazed. The explanation is simple enough in reality: the teachings of sages and philosophers, put away safely into volumes and revered devoutly by a few hermit scholars and abstractly through hearsay by the multitudes, is China as she sees herself and as she wishes the world to see her, China in her decorous best, China as she is quoted and above all as she likes to quote herself, well regulated, emotionally disciplined, the superior man. It is not China; not China, at least, except as moral precept may be the part of any man, inherited from his fathers, a part he forgets in the stir and color and interest of his daily living. There is this other mirror of her fiction, in whose great expanse is caught and held the rich, wild life of the nation, old and new.

The average Chinese mind is well regulated in this, at least: he does not, as do we less practical Westerners, confuse at all the high, cool place where dwell his inherited ideals with the heat and dust and delight of his daily practice. There is a high wall between—the wall of actuality. To him there is no necessary relation between these two worlds of theory and action, of what he ought to be and what he is. With pure æsthetic appreciation, his eyes closed, he can quote reverently and in trancelike detachment the sonorous teaching of the sages. When he opens his eyes to the sharp turning of a penny, he is over the wall in a twinkling into the place where he lives. The less educated man expresses himself in a similar if more concrete way by picking up from any roadside a bit of paper printed with the venerable characters he cannot read. This paper he thrusts into the cranny of a convenient wall, and then passes on, content with this gesture of recognition of the ideal. He has rescued from careless and unheeding feet a bit of the wisdom of the sages. Some day another man like himself will collect these papers out of the cranny and will burn them as incense before the small god in a wayside shrine and so fulfill his sense of duty also to the mighty dead. And, having fulfilled, each passes with immense zest into the matter of ordinary living in that world of heat and passion and commotion where the clear, cold air of the classics does not blow. This, I say, is China, and this China is mirrored in her fiction.

INTO this mirror I have been peering now for half a score of years with the keenest pleasure and the most unceasing curiosity. I have

watched them walk across its face, the gods and the half-gods of Chow, a thousand years before Christ; the vigorous men of Han, spare of word and of a style 'like horses running'; the slight and graceful figure of Lu, 'a woman with her face half-hidden by her lute'; the lovers of T'ang, centring about that figure, exquisite and tragic, of Yang Kwei-fei; the adventurous emperors of Sung fading through the dying of that very spirit into the barbaric riot of the Mongols in the time of the Yuens. And so the pageant passes until the present hour, when the gorgeous figures of the past have become the dun-hued men clothed in Westernized garb, and tales, thinly disguised translations from Western literature, masquerade as modern Chinese literature.

Yesterday, having put down the last of the procession, a novel by an ultramodern young novelist of the present generation, I called up these figures again, these men and women of China, who have for this circle of years filled my imagination. What do they say of themselves?

In the first place, I am impressed with the primitively human, almost the folk quality, of this mass of stories and story material, the dimensions of centuries in breadth and depth. It is evident that these heroes and heroines come out of the people and are created for the people. This is peculiarly true in that scholars in China in the past definitely repudiated fiction as a form of literature, designating it as '*hsiao-shou*,' or small talk, and only in modern times under the influence of returned students of Western literature has it been given a place. Old scholars scorn it, and if in their more human moments they wrote it, it was done under the veil of anonymity, and, if they read it, it was done secretly. Confucius said, 'Stories in themselves can have no permanent value,' and although he included them in his compilations of literature of the past, he rigidly excluded any which did not have a direct ethical purpose. This attitude of the Master, copied faithfully by the literati, barred fiction from the society of the learned, and, like many another outcast, it took to itself the poor and the ignorant and the laughter and tears of the unlearned and became fraught with the very stuff of life.

There is, however, many an exquisite and poignant tale, particularly in the early centuries, which in perfection of style and sensitive delicacy of thought and self-revelation reveals a trained mind and hand. None but the scholar and thinker could have written it. But almost without exception such tales are anonymous or written under an assumed name. They have been penned by famous scholars, ashamed to tell a story, yet compelled by some crisis of life, a love unrequited or lost, a disappointment in regard to a coveted honor of state, the betrayal of a brother-friend, to pour out their sorrows for mere relief in the telling. The frigid rules of essay writing allowed for no such pouring out of the heart, and the heart had to turn to the outcast form for freedom.

Or perhaps such tales, marked by the master touch, have come from the pen brushes of statesmen seeking to rebuke a beloved but wayward emperor. None would dare to correct the Son of Heaven, but the emperors were often notably fond of being amused by stories, and so in allegorical form novels were written and put into the royal hands with the hope that from the sorrows that followed the sins of the heroes upon the written page a lesson might strike into the heart divine.

BUT the number of these tales is as nothing beside that great mass of story stuff of whose origin one can discover nothing except that it comes somehow out of the life of the people who can neither read nor write, who can only listen to the village story-tellers and give forth again by spoken word to their children the tales of magic and war and lust they hear. You may go into any village in China to-day and there they sit listening. Thus their ancestors sat, also, a packed crowd of brown-skinned, blue-coated men and women of the earth, listening with strained faces and sober eyes to the slender whip of a figure in their midst. To his half-chanting voice and to the constant movements of his wraithlike body they respond as trees to the wind, weeping when he weeps, and, when at the unendurable moment of heartbreak his eyes flash and he gives the sign, laughing with the tears yet upon their sun-dried cheeks. The tales he tells are of people like themselves, inextricably mingled, as they believe themselves to be, with the strange forces of nature which they have explained by gods, good and evil as men are.

This mingling of the natural and the supernatural is very puzzling to the more sophisticated and ordered mind. Here is a nation, the oldest on the earth, which has given birth to one of the great civilizations and some of the profoundest of philosophy and ethics, yet which in its fiction literature has maintained even to the present time a belief and interest in the supernatural. We say with truth that the Chinese are a people naturally atheistic; they are, and yet here are these centuries of stories filled with the sayings and doings of gods and devils and creatures half man, half spirit. Gods become men, men become gods, animals are devil-filled, women are evil animals, foxes and weasels with human forms. There is an old saying, 'When the book is not complete, the gods come in to finish it.'

Questioning a very learned old Chinese gentleman on this matter one day, asking for the reason for this prevalence of magic and the miraculous in these stories emanating from the people, he replied,—

'We Chinese are all afraid of spirits. Even these young students who in the daytime shout aloud that there are no gods and that when we die we are altogether dust, even they at night fear to walk among

graves. In the sunshine of the market place they believe in nothing but themselves, but in darkness, and when alone, they fear the gods.' Then he added with emphasis, 'This is true of every Chinese.'

'Of you, too?' I asked, smiling.

He settled his brass spectacles more firmly on his nose and fixed me with an eye.

'Of me, too,' he replied with dignity.

I am tempted to disagree with him when I think of some of the dapper young doctors of philosophy who are interesting and valued friends in my little circle—skeptical, it seems to me, to the last cell of their brains. And yet, here are these modern magazines filled with stories from the pens of young China, romantic and melancholy and deeply tinged with fear of the unknown.

I am forced to explain it all by folk-mindedness. After all, the mass of China has been made up not of those elegant and cultured figures personified in her classics and in later times in the scattered few she has sent abroad to centres of Western learning and government. China has been made up ninety per cent of common people, scarcely literate at all, wholly lacking in scientific explanations of the ruthless forces of nature which have held them in a continual grip of famine and war and flood. High civilization has been the possession only of the few, and even these few have been inevitably shadowed by the fears, superstitions, and primitive emotions and imaginations of the overwhelming multitude. For the folk imagination creates anything and believes all. It has the heart of a little child. The dead still live; animals and men mingle and merge, and, since gods permeate the whole, miracle is not magic, and neither is impossible.

One of the most popular of books, a collection of tales studied by the young for its style as well as for its matter, and read with delight by the old, is a book which to the analytical Western mind is, if lightly pleasing, still childish. I speak of the *Liao Chai*, by P'u Sungling, a scholar of Shantung, who lived from 1630 to 1715. These stories for the most part—indeed, with few exceptions—bring in magic solutions to very human situations.

Various explanations have been given of this love of the miraculous, the strange, and the supernatural. In answer to my question an eminent modern Chinese scholar said with what was evident discomposure,—

'Yes, it is true that there is a vast preponderance of such stories. I think it is because we have tried to escape from the hard reality of our life into romantic imagination.'

A savor of truth is here, perhaps, but it scarcely explains the sturdy, picturesque romanticism of much Chinese fiction. A possible explanation—or is it only an ingredient?—of this quality I have called folk-

mindfulness comes from the Buddhist and Taoist religions, which have contributed a tremendous amount of material to the fiction of the country. Priests, realizing how simple and untutored were the minds which they must capture if their religions were to lay hold of the people, very early put their teachings into simple story form. Buddhism is the source of many stories of reincarnation and Taoism puts demons in every tree and stone and brook. But the people, too, have produced such stories from the fertility of their own imaginations and have enlarged upon what has been given them.

This permeation of the folk mind even into the educated and cultured explains to the observant many of what we like to call the mysteries of the Oriental nature. Conceive of the Chinese as a creature consciously skeptical, unconsciously superstitious; volitionally sophisticated, unknowingly primitive and alive with the quick emotions and the intuitive fears of the masses. Perhaps this pervading primitive quality is but exhibited again in the next two characters which this faithful mirror reflects. I speak of love and of hate.

OF LOVE the stories are full. Seldom is it the love of husband and wife, regulated and within the bounds of organized social life. This recognized relation, like the classic literature, is accepted and put into the region of duty and the ideal. In the past a man took without question the woman given him by his parents to propagate the family name. To his own emotional life the matter had little or no relation, unless, as in the few tales of pure and lovely romance, a man fell in love with his own wife. But this from the point of view of duty was scarcely to be desired, because such love might interfere with his dutiful regard for his parents. The Sacred Edicts teach that a filial son must not love his wife more than his parents. But, duty done, men, from the emperor to the peasant, might love as they pleased, and out of this wild love grew the stories of frank passion one finds in Chinese fiction.

Perhaps these stories cluster most richly about the period of T'ang, when the beautiful Yang Kwei-fei lived and ruled. In his love for her the emperor set an example to his subjects which loosed the tongue of many a village story-teller and galvanized even the pens of the scholars. One of the most touching and most exquisite of these stories is the 'Story of Mei-fei,' or '*Mei-fei Chuan*,' by Tsau Yieh. It is the story of lovely Mei-fei, the emperor's beloved until he saw the bolder beauty of Yang Kwei-fei. Mei-fei was of a sweet and gentle temper and had as well the gift of graceful verse to give her lover. When she perceived that the emperor no longer loved her, her spirit gave way and she faded. The emperor heard of it and sent her some jewels, whereupon she returned him a poem:—

My eyebrows are like dead leaves,
 I have not for days traced out their lines.
 The dust lies upon my hair and face
 So that my cheeks are defiled by my tears.
 Since you no longer come to me,
 I have not washed my body or smoothed my hair—
 Why do you think jewels can comfort me?

Many stories have been written about the struggle of these two women for the heart of the emperor, and at last both were killed in a time of disorder, Yang Kwei-fei at the height of her famous beauty. One sees her as she was described shortly before her death by Chu Ren-hoh in his *Swei T'ang Yuen I*:—

YANG KWEI-FEI AFTER HER BATH

Whiter than jade,
 More shining than silver,
 Sweeter than all, her body.
 Her flowing hair breathes charm,
 Her skirt sweeps long,
 A light bodice covers her breasts.
 Standing in the breeze
 She surpasses beauty.
 Even a water lily
 Cannot compare with her.

Thus she died, still the beloved of the emperor, who, groaning, gave the sign for her death to save his own life at the hands of his people, who were infuriated with his infatuation.

In many, in most of the love tales passion flames unashamed and unconcealed. It is only the veneer of modern times that has changed at all the attitude of men and women toward each other. Like most folk-minded people the Chinese have frankly put the relation of the sexes on a basis of sex and sex alone. Lust is a glory, not abnormal or the product of a diseased imagination, but robust, taking open delight in the body and its acts. A lover praising the moth eyebrows of his mistress proceeds as the next and natural step to the possession of her person. It is characteristic that she belongs usually to the less ordered class of society, whose women are nothing loath. Descriptions of such scenes are given with an item-to-item clarity, shocking perhaps to the spinster mind, but, to a lover of people, fascinating in their naïveté.

Whether this on-the-whole healthy attitude toward sex has really changed in modern China is problematical. Modern love stories, it is true, are less robust and more pathological; less naïve and more like French and Russian models. Certainly the old boundaries of duty and

pleasure are more confused when young men insist, as they do nowadays, that they wish to love first and then marry, and so sever marriage altogether from duty. 'He even wants to love his wife!' an indignant mother cried one day in my presence and in that of her rebellious son, whom I had taught in grammar school.

Still, I am unconvinced of the depth of change. One hears, it is true, a great deal about the equality of the sexes. So much so that I asked a pretty, bob-haired young officer in a modern organization,—

'Well, are you young men and women all equal now?'

'Shall I tell you the truth?' she said after a slight pause.

'If you please,' I replied.

'Well then, we *are* equal—but somehow I feel after all that we women are only "flower vases,"—decorations.'

'And why do you think that?' I queried, amused, for she was so very pretty.

'We have observed that really ugly girls can scarcely ever pass the examinations,' she said, with lovely, troubled eyes.

Here is an interesting speculation: is this breaking down of the wall between duty and the ideal, between actuality and pleasure, a final step, frankly taken, in the dissolution of the old Chinese civilization? Certainly one of the strengths of that civilization was its provision for the idealizing spirit of man and for his craving, rioting body as well. Time alone can answer the question. The mirror has not revealed anything except what I have set down here, that love and lust are one and unashamed.

AS FOR hate, it is an accomplishment and ranges from the stern refinement of revenge for filial piety's sake, carried out to the third and fourth generation, to the wanton murders of happy robber bands. It is a saying of which foreign sentimentalists and Chinese theorists are fond, that China is a peace-loving country. It is true that in the classics are many beautiful sayings about peace, but if the people love the thing itself then it is only as they love all their moral precepts, abstractly and without the worrying notion of practice.

The mirror tells another story. It tells of wars and feuds without end, not only now in these troubled modern times, but always. Periods of peace have been brief and restive. Theoretically the soldier has been placed lowest in the social scale because that is where he ought to be, the sages said. In the world of the ideal he is despicable because he is a destroyer. So every educated Chinese—that is, every member of that small group which is China's show window to the world—will tell you. The mirror says, 'The hero is a fighting man, a professional soldier, skilled with weapons, eager to quarrel, loving to look upon blood.'

The skilled warrior in the old days was given a high place before the emperor and was recognized as an essential part of society. Theoretically he was lower than the civil official; actually he held more authority. Among the people, force and the ability to wield it have always brought prestige and admiration. In many stories a dare-devil cruelty is an attribute of the hero, and his acts are described with a sort of ferocious zest. In *Swei Hu*, for example, one of the most famous novels, one of the chief characters of the band of robbers about which the book is written eats human flesh with voracious appetite. Other stories tell of the devouring of human hearts, a practice not unheard of still among the wilder mountain bands. The victim's breast is slashed and the sides pressed until the quick heart leaps into a bowl prepared to receive it. It is thus eaten and is supposed to endow the eater with phenomenal qualities of courage. All this is told in the matter-of-fact way in which a cookbook gives a recipe!

One needs to give heed to the real Chinese, he who is not confused with the clash of conflicting civilizations, and who is not ashamed of anything, to get the zestful flavor of the people who still live outside as well as inside the stories. Said such a one to me after we had been discussing *The Three Kingdoms*:—

'This book, like so many of ours, is only a killing back and forth.' And then after a moment's reflection he added, 'Truly speaking, above all else we Chinese admire physical bravery and prowess in war.'

Thus the mirror tells, the mirror of Chinese fiction. There is nothing there to praise or to blame. After all, one asks of a mirror only that it reflect the truth, and in this mirror there is faithfulness to the great original, the Chinese people.

Dictatorships may come and go, but the essential spirit of Spain abides in its people, its religion, and its public places. Here is a sensitive interpretation of a country saturated with traditions but shaken with impending change. Tourists, past or prospective, should not miss it.

From a Spanish Diary

By ERNST LOTHAR

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*
Vienna Liberal Daily

YES, all the requisite stage properties are in evidence. Girls and women actually go without hats, wearing in their black masses of hair the great comb or *peineta* from which the dark folds of the mantilla fall pompously over forehead and neck. In one hand they carry a fan and in the other, on Sunday, a prayer book. The men choose to wear those towering, broad-brimmed headpieces of gray or black which we recognize from memories of childhood books as sombreros. Nor is there any dearth of toreador jackets and gaucho sashes. In fact, the moment one sets foot on a Seville street, one reflects that everything is as it should be, and one almost asks a passer-by, 'Where does the action take place, and how is it that the opera begins at eleven o'clock in the morning?' But at this point one perceives that the deception of masks is itself unmasked and one suddenly becomes aware of the organic, the necessary, the predetermined elements beneath the outward costume. For, in truth, Seville is a joyous place, and its joyousness is the expression of the surrounding country. Although it is the end of October, the sky above is incredibly blue, the sun is as warm as if it were May, peaches are cheap and plentiful, fountains play in inner courtyards under the bright balconies of the houses, roses are blooming in defiance of the lateness of

the year, and snow is unknown. The houses are so cramped that the people are forced out upon the streets, while the streets themselves are so narrow that one is obliged to look at one's neighbors as if they were passing in review. Roses bloom the entire year and the letter carriers on their way from the central post office sing out merrily, undisturbed by the weight of their heavy pouches. The ubiquitous mule driver describes in song whatever he has in his pack. 'Don't let those olives fall off, old mule' is the burden of his refrain. Even the tobacco-stained old men who sun themselves for hours at a time on the granite benches of the Plaza de San Fernando yawn deliciously with a singing sound, well persuaded that yawning is a pleasure in itself.

Around the wrought-iron cross in the Place of Palms, where the house in which Murillo died still stands, children are dancing. A little girl, no more than ten years old, leads the group, executing the *sevillanas*, that infatuating dance of a body that has attained maturity early. She makes her way almost voluptuously round the high cross, hastening to cross herself when she accidentally touches it. Who is this dusky, abandoned child? In her is all the concentrated fervor that makes her dance seem only a step away from God and the space between fatalism and fanaticism no more than a quickly drawn breath of desire. In this child one sees the Occident seduced by the Orient.

THE dancing here is incomparable, but in order to understand it one must watch the people doing it for themselves and not for strangers, for only in this way can one study the spectators' attitude of rapture and perceive how completely they are drawn out of themselves when the dancer and his feminine partner appear. The effect of their entrance is electrifying; they sweep on to the platform, from behind the curtain in the background, with a wild impetuosity and a delirious warmth which take the audience by storm. The man wears long black trousers and the traditional white pointed piqué jacket; the woman has a long yellow shawl and over it a flying black mantilla. Their hands firmly clasp the castanets, which are made of carved wood and are ornamented with gold and red tassels. Now they stand face to face in absolute silence, drawing themselves up on tiptoe, seemingly unaware of each other's presence. Rocking gently to and fro they then survey one another, separate, and move together again. At this point the sound of music is heard, its first notes seeming to dart like lightning through their veins as they convulsively fling up their hands, gripping the castanets as if they were death-dealing weapons.

And now the castanets take up the duel. Their rhythmic drumming, a rolling beat that whips up the steps and bodies of the dancers, accompanies the vehement dance, called the *farruca*, a symbol of the

courtship of woman by man. To appreciate it one must observe the male dancer closely and study his watchfulness. His eyes, when he regards his partner, make him look like a beast of prey who is at first repulsed but quickly darts back again. Every emotion is concentrated in his dance, everything partakes of the most arrogant beauty, every sinew seems stretched to the breaking point, the whole body becomes a flexible, delicate foil. And in this pantomime of wooing, urging, and possession there is not a single ambiguous move. It is as if the dancers were masked and restrained in the control of some irresistible harmony. Here are your castanets, to be sure, but where are your preconceived notions, proud connoisseurs of opera? Do these castanets look to you like pretty stage properties, mere parts of a familiar costume? For in truth they are elements of the elemental itself and if you have eyes you may observe subdued madness here.

A young man sits down on a stool upon the platform. He is scarcely twenty years old and his lean, yellow, beardless face, with narrow slits for eyes, displays an Asiatic cast, although one learns that he is Nino, a Sevillian born. He sits stooped over, waiting, his hands laid flat along his thighs. The guitar player near him plucks out a few confused bars, whereupon the young man begins. A sound makes its way out of his yellow lips, but one cannot be sure what it signifies. It is a trilled falsetto, prolonged and nasal, thin as glass, vibrating, soaring, shrill. One cringes at the impact of this amazing noise, for it seems like a wail of torment, an outburst of pain, the appeal of some martyr. 'Give ear to me,' the shrill voice seems to falter, 'give ear to me, all of you; I am a man in dreadful misery.' A second of complete stillness follows. The appeal is finished. Then in a swaying treble he intones a melody of wild sadness, a pronouncement of destiny, compounded of love, jealousy, and death. Again a momentary pause and again the soaring falsetto brittle as glass. The yellow countenance of the singer has become white as wax. It is a kind of layman's prayer, begging neither for aid nor favor. There is no whining in it, but it chants a verdict that turns the listener pale. And now where are your preconceived notions, proud connoisseurs of opera? This that you have heard is genuine Spanish song, the *cante hondo* or *cante flamenco*. Do you hear it? Do you perceive in it the place of its origin? It has been drawn from the most ancient foundations of this country; primitive in character, it found its way from the Orient into that Gothic-Spanish part of Europe which was chosen from among all other lands for the privilege of saving and preserving from past ages a threefold heritage—faith in God, passion, and pride.

CRISTOBAL COLON—the name is forced upon one's attention everywhere. Squares, streets, and inns are named after him, and his

statue, done in the attitude of a national hero and more than life-size, graces harbors and cities. This phenomenon is significant in respect both to the national hero who was neither national nor a hero, and to the country which refused to grant him either appellation during his lifetime. Columbus was not a Spaniard, and he died a despised beggar, exiled from public favor. Nevertheless, all Spaniards deny or conceal anything that might dim the hero's halo. No Spaniard admits that Columbus hailed from Genoa. 'Not at all,' they say, 'he was of our own blood.' If one attempts to furnish counter evidence they smile courteously and gently repulse one's insinuations, murmuring, 'Pardon, but let's talk about something else.' It seems quite obvious that they do not trust their own arguments very far. They answer with a shrug of the shoulders the indisputable fact that Columbus had to let himself be treated like the humblest sort of street porter.

Look here, if you please, at the glass case of the sacrosanct Indian archives of Seville where the original proclamation of the 17th of April, 1492, is displayed, the so-called capitulation of Santa Fé, which marked the rising of the sun of royal favor upon Columbus. The fact that that sun soon became clouded and sank in bitter darkness after an incredibly brief period of brilliance is a troublesome detail which the Spaniards labor to stifle. But to compensate for it they produce another piece of evidence, Columbus's tomb in the Cathedral of Seville. No emperor could rest in more majestic dignity. The tremendous sarcophagus towers over everything around it, borne high upon the bronze shoulders of the kings of Castile, Aragon, Navarre, and León. The suspicion that this splendid tomb does not really contain the skeleton of the restless voyager impresses the citizen of Seville as being stupid blasphemy, in spite of the fact that the skeleton, restless as its master, has at various times been moved about from Valladolid to the monastery of Santa Maria de las Cuevas in Seville, from there oversea to Santo Domingo in Haiti, and from Haiti to the Cathedral of Havana. Yet behind their open credulity the Sevillans evidently entertain secret doubts regarding the circumstances of Columbus's burial.

FINALLY, to furnish conclusive, irrefutable proof of the existence which they have conceived for their adopted hero, they guide you to the harbor of the Guadalquivir. Here you are expected to rub your eyes and persuade yourself that you are not dreaming. Before you lies the caravel, *Santa Maria*, the small ship in which Columbus set forth into the modern era from the town of Palos de Moguer, a stone's throw from the harbor. You must believe it. By all means go down into the ship. It is a vessel built in an ancient style of construction. Fitted out with red tackle, it floats on the sepia-brown water. A conical crow's nest is fastened to the

middle of the clumsy mast, and it has a curious deck cabin which would make a proper abode for dwarfs. Inside the cabin are wooden sleeping compartments, a miserable table, and an armchair. 'Ah, *señor*, you see—Christopher Columbus himself sat here. This was his bed, this his table, and this his chair.' Suspiciously one studies the patent imposture, collects one's wits, and ventures to say, 'But the *Santa Maria* is supposed to have been shipwrecked.' Again there is courteous laughter and the inevitable answer: '*Bien*, just the same this is the *Santa Maria*—of course not the real *Santa Maria*, but one that is almost genuine, a copy faithful in every detail.' They imply that the *señor*, by virtue of a little sweet reasonableness, could lay aside his scruples and take this ship for the original. And, moreover, they say that since the *señor* is so intent upon seeing genuine things he must assuredly have examined in the Indian archives the diary which Columbus wrote up faithfully every day at this very table, that is to say, the table that was in the shipwreck. Yes, it happens that I have seen the diary. In agitation and amazement I stood in front of the square, thick, scarcely yellowed sheet of paper on which a pen, rendered unsteady either through ecstasy or through the roughness of the waves, had sketched a map of the world with a few strokes of gray ink. The sketch contains grave errors, yet thanks to these very errors it literally created new worlds. The *señor* is satisfied now?

The multitude of impressions mingle as if fate itself had arranged them—impressions including the glorification of a jovial speculator, the nationalization of a foreigner, the idolization of a perplexed but ambitious man. It is the Spanish nature to blend the mask and the countenance beneath, comedy and grim reality, the radiance of the sun and the darkness of the shadow. For there is a shadow over all Spain, mighty in its poverty, tragic in its distortion. It is the immortal shadow of that tragic master of fantasy, Don Quixote, the shadow which the sun of this country inevitably casts.

IN MY constant efforts to describe and to characterize, I am acutely aware of how fruitless, powerless, and inadequate all such attempts must be. Is it possible seriously to believe that one can reproduce effectively by means of a few dozen words, no matter how painstakingly they are colored, that to which the writer is almost perpetually indebted—the contour of faces and bodies, shadows, dusk, and the very air, that which is isolated both from the senses and from the spirit? No, I shall confine myself to one expression only in describing Monserrat, the mythical Monsalwatsch of the Middle Ages; I shall call it a magic mountain. I admit frankly that this manifestation of the magic of a former day has been sobered and rendered somewhat banal by exploitation. Yet one can overlook that. One will also choose to turn

away from the blasé tourists in whose company one leaves Barcelona under the blue morning sky. They have come here as they go everywhere, to 'do' a certain place. To-day they intend to 'do' Monserrat. Let us leave them to the will of God and not concern ourselves with them.

Let us rather observe the gently undulating plain ahead, from which something of a Cyclopean nature is rising in the distance. The color of the plain is yellowish brown, but the Cyclopean object is blood red. One feels that it is all impossible, that the blood-red colossus far away cannot be a mountain. It must be the work of human hands, something that has been built, a strange fortress—for blood-red mountains, solitary in the midst of a flat stretch of country, are truly unimaginable. But this is a mistake. Monserrat exists. Carved out in sharp lines, its smoothly polished terraces rising like giant steps, it stands gigantic, armed with stone pillars and towers and obelisks of stone. The highest part is round, a half dome, rigidly surrounded by pointed towers as if it were the strongly guarded cupola of a treasure house. One wonders whether it is the work of men or gods. People were already wondering about it when Charles the Great was alive, and it is only natural that they should have thought it a divine work. Nature has abetted the mythical in this place in unparalleled fashion.

This blood-red block of a mountain, towering solitary from the plain, looks nothing like any other mountain on the face of the earth and for this reason it was foreordained that it should be dedicated to a supernatural end, the service of the Holy Grail. ('Gentlemen, do you see? Up there in that divinely shaped cupola, that is where the holy vessel is kept.') No part of this legendary belief seems absurd or purely mythical, even to the ladies and gentlemen from the other side of the Atlantic. Something of an Oriental atmosphere hovers over the November landscape, something productive of happiness soars over this countryside from which the myth incarnate rises in austere isolation. Are we too advanced to comprehend it? Humanity emancipated from the mythical and inimical to the mythical is a mockery of humanity and does not exist and indeed it is probable that the mythical, forming as it does a sort of bridge between man and the beings who preceded him, that is to say between the present and the eternal, fosters that creative atmosphere, that aura of timelessness, which is to-day more imperatively essential to human existence than it has been at any previous time.

HERE on the enchanted mountain of Monserrat dwells the spirit of true creation. Climb to its summit of San Jeronimo, gaze out over the vast plain about whose farthest reaches the violet-hued, snow-touched girdle of the Pyrenees throws splendid shadows, and then enter the

Monserrat monastery, the most famous cloister in the world, where the finest choir boys in the world sing the *Salve* and the *Ave*. Enraptured they kneel about the high altar, boys ranging in age from eight to sixteen, clad in coarse black robes of wool which are fastened in monklike fashion by a girdle at the waist. Above their heads tapers flicker before a smooth black wooden object, the *Morenita*, the black Madonna which Saint Luke, the Evangelist, made with his own hands, the same Madonna to which Ignatius Loyola fanatically dedicated himself in this very spot. 'Salve!' sing the kneeling, ecstatic boys in voices marvelously pure, as they retire to make room for the procession of married women and betrothed girls.

For the *Morenita* is the dispenser of grace to married people. The wives and the mothers of to-morrow come on pilgrimages to her, gaze into the flames of the wax tapers, and, in agitation, rise on tiptoe to kiss her dusky image. One girl among them is wearing her wedding garments. She has journeyed here clothed all in white and her face, as she lifts it toward the black Virgin, is as white as her marriage robes. In the flare of the candles she closes her eyes while the most ardent expression comes over her lovely, pure, pallid countenance. What can it be that causes this young woman to shudder and to undertake a pilgrimage on the very day of her ceremony? Does she feel the breath of the millions of sighs directed by women like her toward the dark image? As she kisses the sacred wood with chill lips does she impart her mission to the Holy One? It was at the bidding of this mission that she came to this spot. 'I desire to be the mother of mankind!' she seems to entreat the Mother of God. And high above the world upon the mountain top of Parsifal, the choir boys sing 'Ave!' with clear voices. 'Hail, Mary!' they sing to the young bride in her white garments and to all the mothers who have come to beseech a miracle. *Ave Maria*, O miracle, we hail thee!

Each passing day the world grows smaller. Railways, steamships, airplanes, and automobiles are bringing the most remote corners of the earth within striking distance of us all and even the Changeless East is beginning to feel the revolutionary effects of modern transportation.

Opening up the ORIENT

By JOSEPH FRIEDFELD

From the *Weltbühne*
Berlin Liberal Weekly

IN 1919 THE DESERT of Arabia underwent a revolutionary change, for that was the year when automobiles first penetrated districts that previously only camels had been able to reach. To-day the automobile is the most common means of transportation throughout the Orient. The camel has been quite outmoded and is waging the same vain struggle against the motor car that the cab horse of Europe has already fought and lost. Oriental romance has been destroyed. Cities that used to be two weeks' journey apart are now close neighbors, and technical progress has completely transformed both political and economic institutions. The Mohammedan pilgrim to-day travels from Jedda on the Red Sea to Mecca and Medina by automobile and thence he can advance to the very heart of the Arabian desert by routes that only the bravest explorers used to attempt. Regular automobile services are operated from the Mediterranean ports of Haifa and Beirut across the Syrian desert to Bagdad and thence through western Persia to Teheran. Indeed things have now come to such a pass that the sheiks of the great Bedouin tribes along the Euphrates inspect their herds of camels from automobiles.

But in certain districts even the automobile is losing ground as a

means of communication, for railroads and air lines are also fast challenging the supremacy of the steamship, which was hitherto the only link between East and West. Sleeping cars now run from Paris via Constantinople and Asia Minor to Aleppo and Tripoli in Syria. From there the traveler must take an automobile to Haifa—for the railroad to that city has not yet been completed—but from Haifa a daily express-train service will take him to Cairo in twelve hours, crossing the Suez Canal. The missing link in this chain of rail communication has long been planned and when it is completed direct contact will be established between the three continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa.

This transcontinental route includes three junctions, from which still other railways radiate into the interior. The former Bagdad railway starts from Aleppo, and when the unbuilt stretch of track through Mosul is completed it will provide an unbroken line of communication through Bagdad and on to Basra on the Persian Gulf. From Beirut and Aleppo runs the Hejaz railway that connects Damascus and Medina and that is going to be pushed through to Mecca and Jedda. In this way, the three cities of the caliphs of Islam are joined together in the ever-widening network of railways that is extending over Asia Minor.

At Cairo still another railway begins, all of it running through British fields of influence, and this line will extend the full length of Africa as far as the Cape of Good Hope. The strategical purpose of this line in widening Britain's imperial domain is more than evident, and still another route is being planned from the Mediterranean port of Haifa, to be built exclusively through British mandated territory as far as Bagdad. Thus one of the aims for which British imperial policy has been striving for over a century will be completed and a land route to India will be established. Although Asia Minor is not richly endowed by nature or thickly settled by man, and although its mountains and deserts make it difficult to penetrate, it possesses the greatest importance as a connecting link between Europe and the rich, densely populated regions of India and eastern Asia. Up to now the only way that Europe could reach this part of the world was by water, but modern technique has devised a land route at last. Great Britain's victory in the World War has made it politically possible for her to exploit this route, but the victory came almost too late, for modern invention has provided still another communicating link, one that overleaps the land and connects India, Australia, and eastern Asia by air.

IN THE course of this year a regular air service is to be established connecting London and India. The distance between the political capital of Great Britain and the most valuable possession of the British crown will be reduced to a journey of only six days. The most impor-

tant stations on this route are Genoa, Tripoli, Egypt, and Bagdad and its development makes close coöperation between England and Italy necessary. Already a weekly service to India has been established and a biweekly service to Egypt in which both Italian and English machines are used. For two years a British air line has been running between Cairo and Bagdad, with the result that the latter city has become an important junction in Asiatic communications. French and German air lines have begun competing with the British, and hydro-airplanes are now flying from Marseille to Beirut and thence to Aleppo (where they meet French land planes coming from Constantinople and Angora), and then from Aleppo to Bagdad. German Junker planes are flying from Moscow to Teheran by way of Baku, and plans are now being made to extend this service to Bagdad. Thus, in the space of a few years, Asia Minor will be covered with a network of air lines, no less extensive than its present network of railways and automobile routes.

This process is advancing rapidly, impelled as it is by the imperialistic urge to extend economic and political influence. A few years before the World War the Hejaz railway was built for the strategic purpose of promoting the cause of Pan-Islam, as well as to strengthen the Turkish Empire. As for the Bagdad railway, that was looked upon as a thrust on the part of German imperialism into the very heart of Asia. Both these railways seemed to threaten the British Empire, which had long been endeavoring to open up a land route from Egypt to India via Asia Minor, an opportunity that at last came as a result of the World War. Since, however, the British do not control the railway rights in all this district, they have bent some of their energies to promoting automobile and air traffic. In 1923 the Nairn Company, a British corporation, instituted the first regular automobile service between the Mediterranean ports and Bagdad and awakened the ancient imperial city of Palmyra from its slumbers of fifteen hundred years. In 1926 the Imperial Airways brought Cairo and Bagdad, the two oldest centres of human culture, within a day's journey of each other, and now aërodromes are being erected all the way from the banks of the Nile to the banks of the Indus, standing like mileposts on the great imperial British roadway to the East and dotting the entire territory that Alexander the Great once made into the home of Hellenism. It is here that the Orient and the Occident really meet and it is here that their cultures and political institutions struggle for mastery.

Will American talkies corrupt the King's English beyond all recognition? An agitated editor of *Punch* is prompted by this horrid thought to indulge in a little good-natured chaff at our expense and to give his own entirely original idea of what American slang sounds like. No wonder he is alarmed.

CINEMA English

By E. V. KNOX

From the *Sunday Times*
London Conservative Weekly

A JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT was warned at the beginning of a case about cinema films that he might hear some bad English.

He might. I daresay he did. It would depend largely on how many advance notices, preliminary puffs, and subtitles were quoted to him. Especially subtitles. The only question is whether one would call them English at all.

If, at the very beginning of that wave of animated photography which has swept over Europe from the West as Attila and his Huns swept over it from the East, the whole problem of the cinema industry had been treated differently; if it had been devised as an aid to culture and education, instead of as a commercial enterprise, exactly on a line with someone's panacea for rheumatism, goitre, indigestion, loss of memory, baldness, and housemaid's knee; if as a side line in elementary education amusing and romantic pictures had been flung on the screen bearing the subtitles:—

THE VIOLENT QUEEN WASHES THE TROUBLESOME DAUGHTER
WITH HER RIGHT HAND

THE TIMID SAILOR FEARS THE VIOLENCE OF THE STORM

THE DAUGHTER OF THE GARDENER IS TAKING A BASKET OF
APPLES TO THE HOUSE OF HER AUNT

GIVE ME SOME PENS, SOME INK, AND SOME PAPER. I WISH TO
WRITE A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES;

and if those subtitles had been written in Latin, Italian, or French, as the case may be, then every boy and girl of fourteen or fifteen in this country at the present moment would be as familiar with the genders, declensions, irregular verbs, and so on of these foreign tongues as they now are with cinemese. They might have proceeded thence, through the pictures, to some appreciation of drama and literature. Of that I cannot judge. But they would not have become innocent accomplices in the matricide of their mother tongue. The restraint which art imposes on itself, and which commerce does not impose upon itself, would have prevented the onset of cinemese. It is a *lingua franca*, or a *lingua calefornica*. It has devastated Europe. The subtitlers have created a wilderness and called it prose.

That is my opinion, mildly and temperately stated, for I am not a man given to any violent expression of my views.

‘LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD hiked into the great outdoors, toting some candy and pie from the Hood residence to her grandmomma’s shack in the timber lot.

“Say, what d’you know about that?” thunk Bill Coyote, who was loping around the trail and rubbering for eats. “Where do I get off in this joint anyway? Hello, cutie!”

“Beat it, you great big stiff! I’ve gotta tote this outfit of waffles and candy to grandmomma’s shack. I don’t want no durned roustabouts fooling around and getting fresh wid her.”

‘Dawn found Bill Coyote hitting the hay in grandmomma’s apartment. The dowager had looked good to him, so he put her where the whale put Jonah.

“Guess I’ll have a spiel with that bud when she weighs in.”

‘Serenely unconscious that the Grim Reaper had taken the place of her ancestress on the old divan, the trail through the timber lot conducted the Hood belle to grandmomma’s portico. . . .’

But there. Why go on? I don’t say this is accurate. I don’t say it is genuine. Probably the whole story would be far, far worse. It would be the kind of story for which a just English judge, duly considering all mitigating circumstances, would condemn the dastardly narrator to a term of about three years’ hard labor for laceration of the maternal language and poisoning the wells of English, if such a charge were admissible in a court of law. But, worse or not worse, it would be plain,

ordinary cinemese. It would occasion no surprise, it would arouse no comment, from the ordinary English grown-up person or child accustomed to welter in the unholy phraseology of the silver screen. They would swallow all that down, oblivious of the fact that they had never seen a timber lot or a joint or a bud or a roustabout in their lives.

Nobody knows how the people at Hollywood think of these things. Probably there is something in the air of Los Angeles that produces this wild, awful Esperanto, and by now it is established that it brings in the best box-office returns. The British public has taken to it like hashish or cocaine. But it might well startle, if he heard it, a learned English judge. One may take it for granted that no English judge has ever been to a cinema. Many of them would not know that there are any cinemas. Passing along the streets, they may have vaguely wondered what all those people were doing outside the medium-sized Taj Mahal which wrote in glittering letters across the sky:—

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE CUT IT OUT MAISIE
HOT DOGS IN HELL

I should rather like to listen to a case in court where the wording of cinema subtitles was involved, and the whole court echoed with cinemese, and watch the startled face of justice as it tried to apprehend.

‘You say this nut and this guy were standing outside a store on the sidewalk when a flivver butted the traffic cop, and the psychological reaction resulting from this circumstance was that it got this nut and this guy where they lived? Is there any interpreter in court?’

There would be none.

‘Then I must ask you to elucidate the phraseology. What is a nut? What is a guy? What is a sidewalk? What, in the name of goodness, is a flivver?’

To which learned counsel might not unnaturally and rather indignantly respond:—

‘Aw say, hell, sheriff, I should worry. What d’yuh know about that?’

All of which makes to me the advent, not to say the triumphant advent, of the ‘talkie film’ a doubly interesting stride in the march of civilization. Are we going to learn cinemese by oral instruction and viva voce lessons? Or will they cut it out, and introduce for the first time in the history of the screen the English tongue; a nasalized, metalized variety of it, no doubt, but still the English tongue? Some say that they will.

AS OTHERS SEE US

ROTHERMERE ON AMERICA

LORD ROTHERMERE, brother of the late Lord Northcliffe and owner of one of the two great newspaper chains in Great Britain, visited the United States shortly after the Stock-Exchange crash and came back to England with the rosiest kind of prophecies regarding America's future:—

The United States possesses every asset that makes a nation rich. In equally abundant measure she has the men, the money, the materials, and the markets. Under such conditions I can see no reason for regarding the recent decline in American stock values as anything but transient.

During my stay in New York I have heard the personal views of half a dozen of the great industrial leaders of the country, some of whose names are familiar on both sides of the Atlantic. I found each one of these men completely confident that the next two years will see America once more establishing new peaks in every branch of national activity. They treat the recent stock-market panic as lightly as one might regard an attack of chicken pox in a strong and growing youth.

This confidence is shared by every class and section of the nation. 'What can stop America?' is a slogan which expresses with all sincerity the popular conviction of the United States. It is safe to predict that the American stock market will soon be showing the effects of this optimistic spirit.

Intelligent speculation is, I repeat, the national hobby of Americans. It absorbs all the interest which in our own country is spread not only over the Stock Exchange but over horse-racing, county cricket, and League football.

America's well-paid working men, and all wage-earners who have any margin of savings at all, invariably use them to 'run' a few shares in some cheap stock. Without the distraction of

watching the fortunes of their holdings, millions of Americans would find life lacking one of its chief daily interests.

To regard the great Wall-Street boom of last summer as a phenomenon which is past and gone, like the Florida land boom of 1926, is to misunderstand completely the temperament and tendencies of the people of the United States.

'Be a bull of America and you can't go wrong,' is one of their favorite sayings. It will not be long before that spirit is reflected in the American stock market just as strongly as ever before.

A JAPANESE VIEW OF AMERICA'S NAVY

ONE OF JAPAN'S former ambassadors to Berlin, Kumataro Honda, has contributed to the Tokyo press a discussion of the maritime ambitions of the United States. He feels that the growth of the American Navy and England's concession of parity, 'made by the British people with bleeding hearts,' have forced Japan to step into the breach and preserve the balance of sea power:—

What is America's purpose in maintaining a navy on a gigantic scale? Unlike Great Britain, America is a self-sufficient nation, impregnable from the geographical point of view. No nation in the world would be so foolhardy as to undertake the invasion of continental America, and, accordingly, it is by no means necessary for America to keep a powerful navy. What then, can be the object of her naval policy? The steady development of the open-door policy in the Far East constitutes American foreign policy, together with the Monroe Doctrine. This is set down with particular stress in the reports drawn up by the special commission created at the instance of the American navy authorities in 1925.

This is understood to mean that the United States must be prepared to fight the allied forces of several nations for the open-door policy in China. Hence, a great navy is advocated. The purpose of the American naval policy is not passive, like that of Great Britain. It is a policy beyond the limits of self-preservation and intended for the expansion of a certain selfish interest. Now that Great Britain is meek and humble before the United States, the only navy which can afford to withstand the aggrandizement of American sea forces is that of Japan alone.

EUROPEAN FILMS IN AMERICA

THE GROWING AVERSION of the American public toward European motion pictures is explained by Gabriel Beer-Hofmann, an important Central European novelist, in the columns of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna. The advent of the talkies has, of course, produced serious effects, but there are also fundamental differences in taste:—

Take, for example, such a masterpiece as F. W. Murnau's *The Last Laugh*, with Emil Jannings. This film won colossal critical acclaim in the United States and Jannings's acting and Murnau's directing were praised to the skies. But the attitude of the public was incredulous. That even an old man should break down when he lost his job seemed incomprehensible to the average American, who asked himself

where the tragedy lay. Suppose an American loses his job as hotel porter. Well and good. He will look for another one of the same sort or perhaps something entirely different. Porter to-day, waiter to-morrow, head waiter the day after to-morrow, and perhaps next week a millionaire, for every American can become president of the United States.

To a European audience one of the strongest dramatic moments of this picture occurred when the hero lovingly surrendered his uniform, though it was only the silver-braided outfit of a porter. Yet this uniform was a symbol of his own position in the world and he had to turn it over to the hotel management. The democratic, unmilitary American has no idea of what a uniform means and of the values and traditions it represents. Thus Jannings was not only an incomprehensible figure but even a ridiculous one. The American public only responds to psychological situations when some universal human element is involved, while the European, on the other hand, is interested in the destiny of the individual as an individual. The American cares only for the destiny of a recognizable type. I have been asked whether this apparently insuperable gulf between the mentality of the public in Europe and America can perhaps be spanned. In my opinion there is no question that it will be possible to do so, even though the talking film is widening the breach.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Thursday, March 6

Foreign Minister Briand arrives in London as head of the French Naval Delegation.

Bank of England drops its discount rate from $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to 4 per cent.

Gandhi makes public his ultimatum to Viceroy Irwin threatening a non-violence anti-British campaign of civil disobedience.

British naval estimates for 1930, the lowest since the War, represent a saving of £20,000,000 over 1929.

Ramsay MacDonald informs Foreign Minister Briand that Great Britain cannot enter upon a mutual assistance pact with France.

Mahatma Gandhi begins his 'march to the sea,' demanding independence and challenging the British troops to arrest him.

Italian Cabinet Council rescinds decrees that have been in force for five years prohibiting the export of Italian money and now allows individuals to buy and sell foreign currencies freely.

Thursday, March 13

The first attempt to censure the Labor Government of Great Britain is defeated in the House of Commons by a vote of 308 to 235.

Friday, March 7

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht resigns as President of the Reichsbank, asserting that he cannot accept responsibility for fulfilling the Young Plan.

Lord Beaverbrook abandons the United Empire Party, returning all contributions, rejoining the Conservatives, and leaving Lord Rothermere alone in control.

Saturday, March 15

President Irigoyen's party in the Argentine is shown to have suffered severe losses to the Socialists at the elections for the Chamber of Deputies held March 2.

Sunday, March 9

President Hoover and President Borno of Haiti approve plan restoring representative government to Haiti at the earliest possible opportunity.

Sunday, March 16

Primo de Rivera, former Spanish dictator, dies suddenly in Paris.

Monday, March 10

Lloyd George attacks the Labor Government for its failure to remedy unemployment and urges that Parliament become a council of state.

Monday, March 17

Germany and Poland sign a trade treaty ending their five-year tariff war.

Tuesday, March 11

American delegation at London unanimously refuses to participate in any security pact.

The British Labor Government meets its first reverse in the House of Commons by a vote of 282 to 274 on the Coal Bill, but remains in office.

Dr. Hans Luther, former German Chancellor, is chosen to succeed Dr. Schacht as President of the Reichsbank.

Tuesday, March 18

British Liberal Party calls a truce with the Labor Government over the Coal Mines Bill during 'critical juncture' of the Naval Conference.

President von Hindenburg signs the German-Polish liquidation agreement.

Wednesday, March 12

German Reichstag ratifies the Young Plan by a vote of 265-192.

Wednesday, March 19

The Earl of Balfour, former British Prime Minister, dies at the age of 81.